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No. 1.

AVAILABILITY IN CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

BY A. MITCHELL.

WHEN General Scott was selected as the whig candidate for the presidency, the impression very generally prevailed, we believe, that no other man in the party would prove so available a candidate. The failure to elect him has had the effect to create in the minds of men some distrust as to the policy of relying too much upon what many have considered as availability, and now it is said: 'Let us present our candidates to the people solely on their merits, without any reference to their particular qualifications for popularity; let us trust to the good sense and discernment of the people: they are too wise to be wrought upon again by empty cider-barrels, 'coon-skins, and such fooleries.' Without doubt, they are too wise to be influenced by any such nonsense; and they were also too wise in 1840. The cider-barrels and the 'coon-skins did nothing of themselves alone to elect Harrison president: it was only as they served as emblems of the simple tastes and habits of that good-natured, kind-hearted, and hospitable old man. And the people cannot be misled as to what is emblematic of the character of the men they are solicited to vote for. Every one knows that it would have been impossible to have made the same commotion with cider-barrels and 'coon-skins, if the object of such commotion had been to elect Webster or Cass, instead of Harrison. The people are not apt long to run after cider-barrels and 'coon-skins when the cider and the 'coons are gone. When there is one link in the chain uniting a candidate for the presidency to the human race that is almost a non-conductor—a link over which deep and fervid sympathies cannot well pass from one to the other—he has but a small chance of being elected. 'Love thyself last,' was one part of Wolsey's advice to Cromwell. These three words form the broad foundation of all popularity.

It is generally thought, in this country at least, we believe, that 'we are a good-looking people;' and it is a fact much more easily susceptible of proof, that we are a somewhat peculiar people. By glancing hastily

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at some of these prominent peculiarities, we shall be much better able to form a clear idea of what sort of qualities are likely to prove available in candidates for the presidency, and in office-seekers generally.

The wonderful elasticity of the Americans is one of their prominent traits that is much dwelt upon. There is a gutta-percha pliability of disposition and temper, which prevents them from being cast down and discouraged, however great may be the misfortunes and reverses to which they are subjected. They never make a great loss without considerable gain; they seldom fall a great distance without bouncing up in a corresponding proportion. Like Blucher, they never know they are beaten, but rise after every defeat, however hopeless it may seem to others, and fight on as if nothing had happened. Read the lives of our prominent men, and observe how great a variety of fortune many of them have experienced. If Patrick Henry had been able or willing to pay a little more attention to his business when he kept a small grocery, his shop might have supported him, and his name have remained unknown to fame. Gen. Greene could not reconcile his taste for books and his military ardor with his labors at the forge; so he doffed his leather apron and quaker's coat, bade adieu to his young wife, and enlisted as a private soldier. A bungling use of the lap-stone and awl made Roger Sherman a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Elihu Burritt threw down his blacksmith's hammer, and a short time after, was astonishing the great and learned of the old world by his powers as a linguist, and the extent of his learning. John Neal and John Pierpont, so distinguished as poets and prose-writers, were once together in the dry-goods business. After two failures, one was driven to the magazine and newspaper, and the other went to the pulpit. They soon achieved great eminence in their new avocations. Even two or three reverses in business were necessary to develop the *peculiar* but world-renowned talents of Barnum. Some distinguished preachers have run the gauntlet of occupations before they became ministers of the Gospel. They have been, perhaps, shoe-makers, peddlers, school-teachers, horse-jockeys, and what not, before they reached the pulpit. Their varied experience has enabled them to carry to the profession of the ministry a practical knowledge of human nature, which makes their preaching, if they have talent, very effective. Coarse tastes and habits, too, a ready adaptation of disposition to circumstances, almost enables them to leave off with their old clothes.

Instances of this kind in the old countries, are the exceptions; in this country they are the rule.

It is a well-known fact, that of the most enlightened nations of the old world there is but little versatility of talent among the people at large. Generation after generation follows in the foot-steps of its illustrious or ignoble predecessors. Children almost invariably follow the same avocations, or are brought up to the same employments, that their fathers pursued before them. In this country, it is entirely different. Boys with or without education take to this or that employment, that, for the time being, 'pays the best,' and they generally feel, while retaining it, that they will only remain at it till something better offers. They very seldom feel settled at any thing, but are constantly looking

for something better. This is a predominating feeling with them until nearly or quite middle age, when they are apt to become fully persuaded what calling in life they are best qualified for. We are not sure that it is any particular harm for a man to box the compass of occupations and experiences in his early years. If a rolling stone gathers no moss, a rolling snow-ball gathers a good deal of snow; and how much more is moss worth than snow? The host of miscellaneous facts a man thus acquires, and the varied experience he undergoes, afford a broad and firm foundation to build a fine superstructure of character upon; and, so there be no wear and tear of moral principle in preparing the foundation, it does not matter much whether a man 'commence life,' as it is called, at twenty or thirty, or forty, even. Dr. Johnson commenced studying Greek when he was seventy; and if a man has leisure at that age, it is better, perhaps, for him to commence his education then, than to omit it altogether.

The old adage, 'Jack at all trades and good at none,' never originated on this side of the Atlantic. The Americans have very conclusively shown, that a man can be Jack at all trades, and good at all. The fact is, 'a real live Yankee' (no better opportunity probably will offer for a little necessary national hyperbole,) will crowd more activity, energy, and enterprise into a new pursuit that he may enter upon; will do more to develop it, and draw out all the advantages to himself it is susceptible of yielding, in five years, than most old countrymen can in their life-time. For this reason, versatility, instead of rendering a man unfit for success at any thing, is more likely to make him successful at every thing he undertakes. An opinion prevails with many, that versatility and profundity cannot well be associated together. We very much doubt if Brougham would have been a more profound lawyer or statesman, if he had left literature, science, and almost every thing else alone. The great literary acquirements of Story, Legare, Choate, and others, did not prevent them from being profoundly versed in the law. Cæsar was none the worse general because he excelled as a statesman, a writer, and an orator. Alexander Hamilton and John Hancock were none the worse statesmen for being good accountants, and the former for being, beside, a good general. We are inclined to think, as a general thing, that versatility of talent is apt to be accompanied by unusual activity and industry. The versatile man thinks quicker and more intensely, has more mental life and energy, than the man whose thoughts are all concentrated upon the same objects, whose labors are all directed in the same channel. Elasticity of spirits and versatility of talent generally go hand in hand; and it seems a wise provision of nature that they should; for a man with a large endowment of the latter requires the aid of the former to sustain him, and carry him through the multiplicity of enterprises into which he is led.

We deem these prefatory remarks necessary to a consideration of availability in some prominent men talked of as candidates for the presidency. Certain qualities in a man may be much more popular with one nation than with another, although there are qualities of the heart which win their way with the whole human family. Napoleon is said to have understood *French* nature to perfection; but his know-

ledge of human nature was less remarkable. His popularity with any other nation beside the French, probably would have been less unbounded; but such men as Cimon, the Grecian General, and Mark Antony, notwithstanding their great vices, would be popular among any people at any age of the world. Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Cæsar words which describe some of the heroic qualities of Mark Antony:

‘ANTONY,
Leave thy lascivious wassails! When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slewest
HIERIUS and PANSIA, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer; thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge:
Yea, like a stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsedst: on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this
(It wounds thine honor that I speak it now,)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lanked not.’

We presume, too, he made no ostentation about being obliged to eat what little he had, hastily.

The four most prominent men talked of as candidates for the next presidency, beside the present incumbent of the presidential chair, we believe, are Everett, Seward, Houston, and Douglas. We propose to glance hastily at the life and character of each, regarding them more especially with a view to availability as candidates for the presidency.

Edward Everett, the greatest living orator, the all-accomplished, ripe scholar, the experienced statesman, and the perfect gentleman, would confer great honor upon the presidential chair, if chosen to fill it.

Nature dealt very liberally with Mr. Everett in the outset, and circumstances and his own exertions have done the rest. The son of a clergyman, he graduated from Harvard College at a very early age, with a reputation for extraordinary abilities. On leaving college, he first commenced the study of law, but soon turned his attention to theology; and on the death of Buckminster, the most celebrated preacher of the time, was called, at the early age of nineteen, to fill his place. Great as was the renown of his predecessor, the fame of the youthful Everett soon almost eclipsed it. People flocked in great numbers to hear him, and his reputation for great eloquence spread far and wide. Fired by a noble ambition for excellence, he labored with such untiring energy and assiduity that he soon impaired his health, and was obliged to resign his ministry. He then went abroad, and spent several years travelling through Great Britain and Europe. On his return to the United States, he was made Greek Professor in Harvard College. Soon after this, the editorship of the *North American Review* fell into his hands, and that venerable quarterly was conducted by him for many years with marked ability. Its pages now glisten with more than fifty brilliant essays, on every variety of topic, that have been contributed to it by his fertile and inexhaustible pen. He was but little upward of thirty

when he was chosen member of Congress, a post that he filled with great credit for about ten years. He was then chosen Governor of Massachusetts, and continued to fill that office until he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of London. This was an office that he was admirably calculated to reflect the highest honor upon; and the United States has never been more ably represented at that court, than in his person. On his return from England, he was chosen president of Harvard College, has since been Cabinet Minister, and is now United States Senator.

What a rich and varied experience he has crowded into the period intervening between the ages of nineteen and sixty! More than all, he has occupied no position and filled no office that he did not confer as much honor upon as he received from them. No man in the United States, probably, has been brought in more immediate contact, through all his life, with the conservatism of the old world and the new, than Mr. Everett; and notwithstanding his great wealth and very gentlemanly tastes, habits, and associations, we know of no production from any other distinguished man in the Union, breathing a more wholesome and pure democracy, than his address before the Colonization Society at Washington, a year or two ago. It contains, however, but the sentiments of his early years, again reiterated and enforced, after a larger experience and a more mature judgment. We make one short quotation from his early writings on 'Aristocracy':

'It requires a hundred years to raise human weakness to beatific purity; but the hundred years, if circumstances are favorable, will do it. What subsists to-day by violence, continues to-morrow by acquiescence, and is perpetuated by tradition; till at last the hoary abuse shakes the gray hairs of antiquity at us, and gives itself out as the wisdom of ages. Thus the clearest dictates of reason are made to yield to a long succession of follies. And this is the foundation of the aristocratic system at the present day. Its strong-hold with all those not immediately interested in it, is the reverence of antiquity.'

In his manners, Mr. Everett is dignified and somewhat reserved, but bland and affable. He, however, lacks that hearty, careless, free-and-easy, good-natured manner, which has distinguished some of our great men, Jackson and Clay, for instance, and which 'tells' so much for availability in a candidate for the presidency.

There is in some men a constitutional good-nature, a gayety and heartiness of manner, which no amount of education or experience of greatness can affect. One of this kind was Judge Story. It is said that the Earl of Carlisle, a man who, as the reader knows, has the blood of all the Howards running in his veins, when in this country, called one day at his house in Cambridge, and found him with a large party of young children, his fine, benevolent countenance radiant with perspiration and delight, all sliding down the bannister on the stairs. A fourth-rate lawyer, whose dignity was his principal capital, (not regarding the impossibility of his being so engaged,) would have felt extreme mortification at being found on such an occasion in such undignified employment. We doubt if Mr. Everett has ever been found by any of the Howards, or the Smiths even, sliding down stair-bannisters since early boyhood, but no one, we presume, would be surprised to find Seward or Houston so engaged, and it is not impossible that 'the Little Giant'

might sometimes perform the same feat, when in one of his most genial moods.

It is not so much qualities of the head as of the heart, in great men, that wins the admiration of the multitude. It was not the mental powers of Cæsar (formidable as they were) that Cato so much dreaded ; it was his generosity, his magnanimity, and wide-spread sympathy with his fellow-men. 'Curse on his *virtues* ; they have undone his country !'

There was no resisting the popularity of that good-for-nothing, unprincipled demagogue and debauchee, John Wilkes. His genial wit and humor, and strong social feelings, broke through all the barricades of fashion and etiquette, and assured the coal-heaver and the chimney-sweep that no thickness of coal-dust and soot could divide the bond of fellow-feeling that united them. There is nothing in the multitudinous pages of Bozzy's life of his idol, so laughter-provoking to us, as the dinner-scene where Wilkes brought all his conciliatory arts to bear upon his gruff and stubborn old enemy, Dr. Johnson ; and the perfect success he met with shows clearly how much good-natured wit and humor, as well as tact, and knowledge of human nature, he possessed.

Nature and circumstances have done much in the way of availability as a candidate for the presidency, for Samuel Houston. The probationary state he went through to attain his present exemplary character as a statesman and a citizen was a trying one. He has been doubly proved and refined in the crucible of experience. His early life was dissolute and abandoned in the extreme. After he became Governor of Texas even, there was a shamelessness in his intemperance, and an indiscreet disregard for the proprieties of life, which have seldom been equalled by any public man of so prominent a standing in the country. His conduct of course exposed him to the severest animadversions, and no other public man probably has met with more determined opposition, or encountered fiercer attacks and more bitter sarcasms and invective in his public career, than he. After passing through this ordeal, he comes out a moral reformer and a polished gentleman. The most fastidious and exacting, we believe, can now find no fault with his private character.

His lectures upon temperance are said to be impressive and effective in an extraordinary degree, and the great and beneficial influence he exerts in favor of that cause cannot be easily overrated. Gen. Houston is one of the handsomest men in the Senate, (not quite so good-looking as Everett, however.) His figure is tall and commanding, and he is exceedingly dignified and graceful in deportment. He never loses his temper, but is always calm, cheerful, and courteous. Taunts and innuendoes from Foote, such as unhinged the senatorial dignity of Benton, Gen. Houston used to reply to with a bland serenity of manner, and a good-natured facetiousness which covered the mischievous Foote with ridicule. The struggles of his eventful life have contributed much, undoubtedly, to give him a command of temper, and an indifference to trifles, not easily shaken. The excesses and profligacy of his early life, when contrasted with the irreproachable conduct of his later years, will have the effect to increase his availability as a candidate for the presidency. Very few men, we presume, reach middle age without

having more or less youthful indiscretions to be sorry for. If a man who has been guilty of very great ones is elevated to high places in spite of them, others feel that they receive their pardon from the world for theirs, at the same time he receives his. On the contrary, if a man finds himself incapacitated for high office in consequence of previous shortcomings in rectitude and morals, others feel that the world extends the same rebuke to them for similar delinquencies. There is, too, a certain admiration in the masses for a man whose passions are so strong as sometimes to lead him to break through wholesome restraints, and commit errors of which he afterward repents. It is deemed an indication of a head-strong and impulsive spirit, more frank and generous than prudent and circumspect. They look for nothing heroic in the man whose prudence and discretion never forsake him. The ungovernable bursts of passion and fierce oaths which sometimes came from 'Old Hickory' were no draw-back upon his popularity; and the suggestion of Gen. Taylor to Capt. Bragg, that he should make the Mexicans a donation of something exactly the opposite of Paradise, (although the story is said to be wholly untrue,) we are inclined to think procured him more votes than a hundred politicians could have influenced by expatiating on the soundness of his political views. There is a host of salient angles in the character and career of Gen. Houston, to hang popularity upon; and on the whole we are inclined to think that he is chock-full of availability as a candidate for the presidency.

We will next examine a little into the qualities for availability that the 'Little Giant' possesses. We make Seward wait until the last, because we know he will do it with so much polite patience, blandness, and good-nature. Seward feels so well assured of his position, and is such a perfect gentleman, that he would never think of feeling impatient and irritable under either real or imaginary neglects and slights.

We do not possess many facts in regard to the history of Senator Douglas. He is said, however, not to be a very highly-cultivated man, but to be 'an original genius.'

It is a much-mooted question, whether a regular education tends to cramp the intellect, and to depress originality, or not. Those who advocate the affirmative side of it, we suspect, are in a minority, if not in numbers, at least in talents and acquirements. As respectable and conservative an authority as any we know of among this supposed minority, is Lord Jeffrey. In a review of the works of Franklin, as is well known, he took the ground that a regular education is unfavorable to vigor or originality of understanding; and he defended his position with all that acuteness of discrimination, and keenness and force of logic, for which he was so distinguished. Examples can be produced to support almost any theory, but no more striking ones can be afforded in favor of the affirmative of the question, than Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, and John Marshall. We are of that number, however, who do not believe that a regular and highly-finished education is any draw-back to originality of genius. We believe, with Lowell that

'AFTER polishing granite as much as you will,
The heart keeps its tough old persistency still.'

We very much doubt if Senator Douglas received from nature a more acute and comprehensive mind than Seward or Everett; and we feel very certain that he wishes he had as much culture as they have. There is, however, in the life of vicissitudes that the 'Little Giant' has led, much capital for availability, although much less, we suspect, than 'Old San Jacinto' possesses. Others beside Desdemona like a man better for having been through strange and rough adventures; and great men who in the course of their lives have met with severe hardships and adversities, and have borne up stoutly against them, possess, in these circumstances, elements of popularity for which no genius or acquirements can well compensate.

In early life, we believe, Senator Douglas worked at some trade, but by the force of his character and genius, he broke through all the trammels and restraints of poverty and humble life, and placed himself by the side of the greatest in the land. He is in consequence more identified with the people than a regularly-educated man. His working at a trade when young, and then becoming President afterward, would be throwing another bridge over the gulf that separates a wood-sawyer from the presidential chair. The association of Van Buren's name with cabbage-raising or vending, we have no doubt, did more to elect him president, than his recommendation for the office from his 'illustrious predecessor.' The 'Little Giant,' we believe, has been subject to occasional irregularities of conduct, which, whether they would conduce much or not to his popularity, we are not prepared to say.

We are inclined to think, as a matter of policy even, his Nebraska Bill will prove too high a bid for the presidency. When a merchant at an auction offers too much for an article, however gratifying his bid may be to the sellers, it is apt to injure his credit with the mercantile community generally: so we think Mr. Douglas may have injured his credit with those not directly benefited by the proposed sale; which class we believe to comprise the whole human race.

We don't know how great sacrifices different men might deem the presidency worth making to obtain, but creeping through too many low avenues to reach it, would seem to be attaching a very enormous value to it.

The life of the distinguished Illinois senator is not wanting in variety of incidents; but he has met with no startling adventures:

'No disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field,'

such as the great Texan can boast.

William H. Seward has some points of resemblance with all three of the distinguished men whose lives and characters we have so hastily touched upon. Like Everett, he is an elegant and profound scholar, (with a greater love for metaphysics, however;) like him, too, he has filled prominent places in the country from boyhood; like Houston, he is the free-and-easy, hail-fellow-well-met, bland and affable gentleman, with every one he meets. Like him, too, he never loses his temper, is always calm and cheerful, and particularly polite and courteous to his opponents. When, in the course of events, it used to become

his turn to be made a victim to snappish insinuations and Paul Pry hints as to the motives of his conduct, by the high-minded and dignified Foote, he smiled complacently upon the common petty tormentor while the infliction lasted, and bowed gracefully at the close of it.

There is no link in the chain connecting W. H. Seward with the human family that is a non-conductor. Every link in it will vibrate to warm and generous impulses. It is a common remark to hear applied to a man who takes well with the multitude, that 'he knows how to play the demagogue.' The man who is not popular with the masses, does *not* know how to play the demagogue. The fault, however, is not in the brain, but in the heart. 'My friends, cure yourselves of cant.' It is nature that makes a man what is called a demagogue; and without a liberal contribution from her of good-nature and animal spirits, no cunning contrivances of his intellect will avail much.

What sort of a spectacle would William Pitt or John Quincy Adams have made, playing the demagogue at a husking frolic or a turkey-shooting? To play the demagogue well, a man must have a strong, hearty and earnest sympathy with his fellow-men; and every look, every expression of the countenance, every motion of the body, at once tell people whether a man has that sympathy or not. Chesterfield was a very benevolent man, or he never could have been so polite a one; for, as some one has said, 'politeness is benevolence in little things.' Seward has three invaluable qualities as a statesman, in neither of which, we think, is he surpassed by any other man in the country; prescience, sagacity, and command of temper. These qualities all conduce largely to availability, although neither Jackson, Harrison, nor Taylor had one of them. These men had more comprehensiveness of heart than of intellect, and hence their great popularity. The world finds it very hard to forgive a man the possession of great talents united to ambition; but geniality of nature and wide-ranging sympathies do much to obtain that forgiveness for him. Seward possesses these qualities, and so does Van Buren, although in a less extraordinary degree than Clay did. But the latter lacked the command of temper which the two former are celebrated for.

It is amusing to observe in what different lights the world looks upon the same actions in different individuals. 'Dorset can do what he pleases,' said Wilnot; 'he is never in the wrong.' We suspect if either Seward, Houston, or Douglas had been caught in that imperfect condition of the toilet that Scott was on the Ohio, and had spoken of the circumstance in the same way he did, it might have added to their popularity; but we think it detracted from Scott's. (We would not be guilty of supposing that Mr. Everett *could* have made use of such an expression, for the best pair of breeches the city would afford.) Whatever ridiculous scrapes the good-natured, free-and-easy Nell Gwynne was detected in, she always made fun of them, and every body laughed *with* her about them. When the more prim and stiff ladies about the court were caught in awkward situations, (as they often were,) every body laughed *at* them. A prudish old maid reaches the corner of a street in a high wind, and all of a sudden finds her skirts blown up over her head. Forcing them down in a passion, she makes a rush for a store or an

omnibus, and looks indignation and defiance at all within sight. A young and blooming widow, for instance, meets with the same mishap ; she quietly pushes down her skirts, smiles good-naturedly, and continues unconcernedly on her way.

If the heads of Houston and Seward happen to be enveloped in skirts by a sudden political gust, they are guilty of no unseemly haste in pulling them down ; and, instead of being irritated by the affair, laugh it off with apparent gusto.

We came near, a little way back, pulling Mr. Samuel Weller rather unceremoniously on to the stand from which we were examining the condition of certain famous racers, previous to their start upon the course. We think the presence of Mr. Weller can be made serviceable in still farther illustrating the peculiar tastes and dispositions of the distinguished gentlemen whose characters we have been considering. If he should be introduced to Mr. Everett, in his magnificent library in Boston, which Messrs. Putnam and Company have given us such a fine engraving of, in the 'Homes of American Authors,' he would no doubt receive a kind and cordial welcome ; but we are inclined to think that Mr. Everett would be a little uneasy from an apprehension that Sam might spit on the carpet, sit astride his chair, or call for 'a pint of half-and-half.'

But if Sam should be unexpectedly introduced into the Senate of the United States while Houston happened to be descanting, for instance, on the State-debt of Texas, he would leave the debt to take care of itself, (a course of proceeding, by the way, not wholly unprecedented in some States of the Union,) and rush upon Sam, throw his arms around his neck as the first salutation, and his fidelity to the temperance-pledge would undergo a very severe test, if he could refrain from taking Sam off, and having 'a convivial time.'

If Seward happened to be expatiating on the higher law, for instance, when Sam made an unexpected entrance into the Senate-chamber, he would leave the higher law to take care of itself, (a thing, by the way, that a good many statesmen are in the habit of doing,) and go forward at once, without stopping by the way to get a pinch of snuff of Berrien, and give the younger Weller a hearty welcome. Douglas would be likely to be a little jealous of Sam's fame ; and would take an early opportunity to insinuate that he was not so much ahead of a good many facetious young men on the flat-boats of the Illinois and Mississippi.

In forming our estimate of availability, we have considered a 'rough-and-tumble' career as one of the principal ingredients of which it is composed. And if it be true that

'He that hath buffeted with stern ADVERSITY,
Best knows to shape his course to favoring breezes,'

Houston and Douglas should always have wind in their sails ; and if the latter should occasionally have a superabundance, he is so skilful a political navigator that there would be no danger of his coming upon his beam-ends.

It is by no means improbable that the votes at the next Presidential election may show that our speculations on availability are worthless.

The 'many-headed' is proverbially a curious and unreliable monster. It elected Polk over Clay, when the former had not — we have no time to tell what he had not; and every body knows what the high-minded and chivalrous Clay had.

We have treated of availability in candidates for the presidency only in reference to the personal qualities of the candidates spoken of. It would have been out of our province to have considered them with reference to their identification with certain leading questions or measures that may divide the country.

On the whole, however, we are inclined to believe that great obscurity in a candidate is more available for the presidency than all the other qualities we have enumerated.

EVENING - VOICES.

BROKEN snatch of cow-boy's song,
Swelling high and sinking low,
Mingles, as he plods along,
With the lowing of his cow.

Wagon rattling o'er the road,
(White top gleaming like a sail,)
Wakes the echoes, harsh and loud,
Of the dusk and distant vale.

On the night-air faintly swells,
From the whitely-peopled mead,
Silver sound of lambkin's bell,
Singly tinkling while it feeds.

On the listless winds that pass,
Insects fling their harmonies:
Crickets chirping in the grass;
Locust trilling in the trees:

And like music of a fay,
'Mong the maple's foliage hid,
Comes thy sad and changeless lay,
Melancholy Katy-did!

Comes the dull and sullen roar
Of the distant waterfall,
Where the swift waves foam and pour,
Wrapped in vapors like a pall.

Sweetly mingled, yet distinct,
Countless witching voices are;
Sweetly various, sweetly linked,
Trembling on the dewy air.

W H E N C O M E S H A P P I N E S S ?

BY CHARLES LELAND PORTER.

'Not to-day!' saith the laughing boy,
As he gaily sports with his youthful toy;
'Not to-day, Sir, ho-high-ho!'
And his ruddy cheeks are all a-glow,
As his hoop rings merrily over the pave,
Or his tiny ship mounts the mimic wave.
'Not to-day, but when I'm a man,
Doing all that my father can.
A pony to ride, and a gun that shoots,
A long-tailed coat, and a pair of boots;
Now's the time for fun and play:
When I'm a man; but not to-day.

'Not to-day!' saith the maiden free,
And her bell-voice ringeth joyously;
Airy visions come and go,
And veils of gauze and robes of snow;
And two hearts beating together like one;
A stronger shoulder to lean upon.
'Not to-day!' and her heaving breast
Wearily throbs for another guest.
'Not to-day!' and the mantling blood,
Carmines her cheek with its crimson flood;
And cheerily, gaily, she boundeth away:
'Not to-day, oh! not to-day!'

'Not to-day!' saith he, whose life,
Hath mounted the summit of manhood's strife;
He hath battled the storm right manfully,
And broad and strong is the full-leaved tree;
He gazes at blossoms of childhood now,
And on, to the ripe fruit on the bough.
'Not to-day!' no, not to-day,
His boyhood's April has passed away:
Hope's finger points to the setting sun,
And he gazeth wearily, back and on;
And his pendulum heart hath willed to say,
'Not to-day! — 'Tis not to-day.'

'Not to-day!' saith the gray-haired sire,
As dim grows the light of his eye of fire;
Feeble and faint is its sunset-ray,
For he's looking into the Far-away;
Dimmer, yet back through the mist he sees
A trusting child at his mother's knees;
A mother's hand lies on his arm,
His mother's hand, it was so warm:
And a tear in the old man's eye is seen,
As he hears the shouts on the village-green;
While his trembling lips but seem to say,
'Days of my youth, ye have passed away!'

'Is it to-day?' and a feeble tone
 Tells of a country, farther on;
 'Is it to-day? for I long to flee
 On to the regions of purity.'
 Hark! 'tis the chorus of angel voices,
 Friends are weeping, but Heaven rejoices;
 Open the gates of their own accord,
 'Come in, thou blessed of the LORD.'
 A voice of peace, from the garden of love,
 Comes floating down like a gentle dove;
 Exulting, he smiles, for he hears it say,
 'In paradise shalt thou be to-day!'

 SHAKSPEAREAN READINGS.

 'A WINTER'S TALE.'

On a boisterous evening, just after Christmas, A.D. 184—, three promising under-graduates of H—— College 'might have been seen' silently seated around a cosy fire, in a room whose door was adorned with these characters, (understood by the initiated,) '33 — K. H.' I, by reason of my senior dignity, was permitted to fill the rocking-chair, while at each corner of the broad fire-place sat the Junior and the Soph. The party looked 'deeply, darkly, beautifully blue.' The conversation, which had been gradually waning, had at last entirely ceased, and nothing was to be heard save the ticking of the old clock on the mantel, the roaring of the sturdy fire as it mounted the chimney, and the puff, puff, of sundry columns of smoke which each was drawing from his meerschaum.

The party looked blue for these reasons: it was vacation, and we three, the only occupants of three considerable college-buildings, had, for reasons best known to ourselves, commenced an attempt to spend it in the classic precincts of our Alma Mater, thinking that we could make its hours glide along quietly and pleasantly, beguiled by books. The attempt, as might be expected, most signally failed. We had each wormed through enough tomes to furnish a family-library, and so many 'courses' of reading began to sate our intellectual appetites. Christmas had passed, and a dull one it was, to be sure; for the towns-people were few and solemn, and moreover, held 'college-boys' under a ban of interdiction, as 'rowdies,' and 'loafers,' and 'outragers of decency.' Our eyes were of course too weak (some of the aforesaid good people called us 'eye-sores,') to admit of our reading in the evening, and we were not enough in number for a quiet rubber at whist. So there we sat, ruminating on the possibility of something 'turning up'; and lo! at last,

JUNIOR *loquitur*: 'Boys, why could n't we go off into some back-woods region, and deliver a course of lectures on some popular subject?'

Happy thought! by one lucky blow he turned up a 'nugget' of fun.

'Capital!' cried the Senior, with the wise and bland look peculiar to the tribe. 'Glorious!' said the Soph., who was 'in' for any thing except the writing of the lectures.

But the plan of operations was first to be discussed; and it was laid out and settled as soon as a western city. Now, a temperance-lecture would not do, for many reasons; and most of all, because no body would pay any thing to hear one, and we were loth (mercenary mortals were we in those days) to impart valuable ideas or thrilling thoughts gratis. No! our port-monnaies had well-nigh forgotten their office; their 'occupation' was gone: they looked much as if they had seen the elephant, and he had stepped on them. The next proposition was, that we should lay violent hands on the college apparatus, and deliver ourselves of some lectures on the natural sciences; but mature deliberation forced on us the conviction that we hardly stood well enough on the President's ledger to risk detection in such an exploit. Phrenology was proposed, but voted down for want of a knowledge of the subject. At last, elocution was hit upon, and it seemed the most feasible theme of all. We had been drilled and bored upon it most thoroughly during Freshman year, and all, especially the Soph., retained some vague ideas about 'sweeps,' 'slides,' 'bends,' 'closes,' 'pauses,' and 'emphasis,' which we thought a little brightening would make current coin among those whom Mrs. Partington describes as living on the 'outsquirts' of civilization. And, to add a crowning glory to the plan, the Senior proposed that we should illustrate and conclude our performances by 'Grand Shakespearean Readings!' The plan was soon matured, and we retired to dream of Apollo and Melpomene.

In two days, our arrangements were completed; and our trio, drawn by two long, strong horses, attached to a superannuated cutter, made its triumphal *entrée* into the retired and 'sequestered' village of Bogusville. It was a decrepit, disjointed old place, perched up on a sharp ridge, just where the wind might 'cut and come again' at its leisure; and as the setting sun shot a few chilly rays on the creaking, skeleton-like sign of the tavern, and the weather-beaten sides of the 'meeting-house' opposite, the town looked as though it had lost its way, wrapped itself up, and sunk to sleep in the snow. It is my painful duty to chronicle that Bogusville, although but forty miles from that learned institution of which we were unworthy members, was yet but faintly illumined with the light of knowledge. Its inhabitants possessed just that little learning which rendered them an easy prey to the machinations of youngsters so 'imposing,' in all senses of the word, as we were. It had its old men who were sturdy politicians, and would be delighted to hear something of that elocution which is the soul of country politics; its young men who were very literary, insomuch that they took and read several 'Dollar Magazines' and 'Star-Spangled Banners,' and occasionally perused such important works as the 'Black Avenger of the Spanish Main,' or 'Montano, the Mysterious Monarch of Mesopotamia;' being likewise staunch supporters of spelling-schools, and of debating-clubs where such questions as these were discussed: 'Which is more worser—the liar or the thief?' or, 'Resolved: that the works of nature is greater than the works of art;' its old women who were,

of course, curiosity incarnate; and its young women, who would patronize any 'exhibition' to which their beaux would convoy them. We entered town, therefore, flattering ourselves that we should make a sensation.

Driving briskly up to the tavern-door, we left our nags to the care of a sleek-haired hostler, and were ushered by an honest-looking landlord into a low, smoky bar-room, tenanted by the usual quota of hangers-on, both young and old. After we had ordered supper, the Junior (whom I shall call Cassio, inasmuch as he sustained that character in our 'readings,' while the Soph. played Iago, and I did Othello,) pulled from his pocket a bundle of flaming placards, and after posting two on the wall, gave the remainder to an incipient loafer, with directions to stick two on the meeting-house door, one on the school-house, one on the old tree at the 'corners,' and to distribute the rest among the 'best society' of the place. The bills, which were yellow in color, and horrescent with exclamation-points, announced that 'Gideon Bunsby, Esq., lecturer on Elocution and Oratory, whose efforts in this science have met with such distinguished success in the principal cities and towns of this country and the old world, will deliver a lecture before the citizens of Bogusville, in the basement of the Methodist church, Thursday Eve, December Thirtieth; and, assisted by two gentlemen of eminence in the literary world, he will give his extraordinary and unequalled Shakspearean Readings. Admission, Twenty-Five Cents. Children under twelve years, half-price.' The placards posted in the bar-room soon had their wondering readers, and many were the glances of inquisitive respect turned upon us, which we bore with that careless condescension which the infantile Grand Lama is said to assume toward its worshippers.

After supper, it was our next business to sally forth and obtain permission to use, as the scene of our entertainment, the basement-room of the meeting-house. We were referred to Deacon Benedict as the ruling elder and guiding genius of the 'persuasion,' and to his house we proceeded, without delay or ceremony. The deacon we found to be a stiff, pompous, little old man, with a mouth carefully drawn down at the ascetic angle, and eyes staring at our sudden entrance, like those of an Indian warrior's image before a tobacconist's door; but Cassio, who was our spokesman, graciously pointing to the yellow placard which our messenger had left at the house, commenced the attack by a diversion on the flank where the good man's vanity happened to be posted.

'Mr. Benedict,' said he, 'I am the lecturer referred to in that bill' — a slight softening of manner on the deacon's part betrayed an increasing deference for his visitors — 'and, hearing that you superintend the temporal affairs of the church in this town, I have called, with my friends, to obtain permission to use the basement of the edifice, to-morrow evening.'

'Umph!' said Deacon B —, hesitating between a desire to show his power, and a disposition to please a gentleman who was so well informed of his official position in the community of Bogusville, 'you a n't a-going to have a theatre, be ye? you a n't play-actors, I s'pose?'

'Oh! no, Sir!' replied Cassio, warmly; 'I merely intend to illustrate

the great principles of elocution and oratory, by a choice selection from the gems of Shakspeare ; and by the help of these gentlemen,' (looking blandly at us,) 'I hope to render the lecture both interesting and profitable. I am sure, Sir, that no one will find any thing in the entertainment to shock the feelings of the most fastidious ; in short, I feel it my mission to raise the genius, and to mend the heart.'

This burst of eloquence, which was delivered with much emphasis, and a slight tone of wounded feeling, quite overcame the deacon's scruples. He assured us that we might have the room and welcome ; 'that is, if you'll pay for the li'tin' and warmin' on it. Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen,' said he, as we made a motion to rise ; and with that, he hurried off, and soon returned with a squad of rosy daughters, and a pitcher of rosy cider. 'Make yerselves to hum,' said he ; and so we staid, and did justice to the cider by drinking an immoderate quantity, and to ourselves, by saying many things witty and wise.

During the following day, we were honored by visits from the minister, the school-master, the store-keeper, and several of the literary young men of the place ; to all of whom we talked earnestly of the importance of elocution to all men, especially to those of the rising generation. One young man, with long hair and a turn-down collar, desired a private audience with me. I readily granted his request, and as soon as my companions retired, he drew out a bundle of manuscript, stated that he was a poet, and commenced to read his effusions with much spirit. When he finished his recital, I confessed myself astonished at his poetry, as indeed I was ; for I never heard the like before. Encouraged by this, he informed me that he had written one 'piece' superior to all the others, which he wished to have published in some magazine. Here are some of the verses, *verbatim et literatim* :

'WHENAIR I take my little Bark
And sal itt on lifes Stormy oshun
Its sails are torn Buy evry gal,
Beyond all sort of noshun.
But when I leave thee chilling water,
And two the genial Port I come
I rest sea cured in the safe Bazum
Of my deliteful Home!'

I assured him that the subject and imagery of this poem were so entirely original, that I had no doubt that it would be acceptable to any publisher ; and I advised him, likewise, not to permit it to be copyrighted ; so that, if possible, it might be stolen and republished, and thus have a great circulation. But to return from this interesting episode.

At the appointed hour in the evening we repaired to our lecture-room, and found a crowded audience already assembled. They presented a picturesque prospect. The front seats had been scrupulously reserved for the ladies, and were radiant with red cheeks and bright dresses. Next, were the children who came in under the 'liberal allowance made to schools,' and shone with brass buttons and broad collars. On either hand, sat the dignitaries of the village, in the seats of honor ; while the rear of the room was filled with disappointed suiters, single gentlemen, and fellows of the baser sort. Cassio, who was the orator

of the evening, as soon as expectant silence began to reign, rose with much majesty, and dove directly into his subject.

The value of elocution was the first thing to be proven, and most eloquently did he enforce it. All history was made to argue in behalf of the science. Not an orator, ancient or modern, was permitted to sleep quiet in his grave. From Demosthenes to Patrick Henry, they were raised up to speak to the young men of Bogusville. The speaker then proceeded to unfold his plan of teaching and learning elocution, which was charmingly original; and finally wound up with this sublime peroration:

‘Ladies and gentlemen! friends and fellow-citizens! citizens of Bogusville! Our country is in danger! I repeat it: our country is in danger! Disunion is gnawing at its vitals; the foul fiend of anarchy is gibbering and spitting in its face; corruption is insinuating its serpent-folds into our popular elections, (here the rival candidates for the office of path-master looked daggers at each other:) the lion of England is whisking his impertinent tail around our frontiers; while political Judases revel in the public crib! On you, young men of Bogusville, devolves a tremendous responsibility. Gird on your armor, therefore: march boldly up and ‘repair the breaches’ in your country’s battlements, (the young ladies blushed, while a little man whom I took to be the tailor, looked important.) So doing, you shall save this great and g-el-lorious country, and write your names high on the pyramid of perpetuity, with the ink of eternity, and sprinkle it with the ‘sands of time!’’

Upon the conclusion of this speech, which caused the mouths of some of the aspiring youth to gape with astonishment, even as the Mediterranean forced open the ‘Pillars of Hercules,’ or as home-sickness spreads apart the valves of a long-travelled oyster, he told the audience that he would confirm his theories of elocution, with our help, by some extracts from the immortal tragedies of Shakspeare. So we all stood up, book in hand, and gave with great spirit those scenes of Othello in which Othello, Iago, and Cassio figure. The effect was tremendous, especially in those scenes where Iago and Cassio discourse concerning reputation, and where Iago goads on the Moor by artful insinuations. With the dying speech of Othello, and some soliloquies from Hamlet and Macbeth, our lecture was concluded; the audience retired to their homes to make the necessary arrangements for saving their country from impending ruin, while we adjourned to the tavern to partake of a supper which we had ordered.

The supper proved good, and the punch better. Our party soon waxed very merry, and all the laughter which had been accumulating in our sleeves during the ‘performance’ began to ooze out in a bubbling stream of chuckles and snorts. Cassio, who, like his namesake in the play, had ‘poor and unhappy brains for drinking,’ soon began to strut and rant; and Iago, to carry out the scene, began to sing:

‘AND let me a canakin clink, clink,
And let me a canakin clink:
I’m a college-boy,
With a life of joy;
So then let a college-boy drink!’

'Fore Heaven, an excellent song!' quoth Cassio. I could not agree with him; for, happening to stand nearer the door than the rest, I chanced to over-hear the following edifying conversation between a couple of eaves-dropping louts:

'By Gosh! Bill, those lecturers is nothing but derved college-whelps!'

'Be they, though?' said Bill; 'let's go get the rest of the boys, and lick 'em!'

Now, this was disagreeable. We knew the hatred which college-boys, by their pranks, had excited throughout that region, and although valiant enough in a fair field, we were not ambitious to face a score of hard-handed, tough-polled yeomanry; nor did we wish to run away secretly from the scene of our triumphs in oratory and tragedy. Therefore, in spite of Cassio's maudlin declaration, that he could 'drive the whole town with a sword of lath,' we ordered our horses; and as soon as the bells were heard at the door, we started for the bar-room, to deliver a 'few valedictory remarks:'

"Diablo! ho! the town will rise!"

said Iago, as we walked along. 'I'll beat the knaves into a twiggen bottle!' replied Cassio, with a slight uncertainty of intonation. Entering the room, we found an indignant crowd assembled; and as we stopped to light cigars and settle our bill, a big, thick-set bully, who appeared to be captain of the Bogusville Black Guards, sidled up to Iago, and said, in a very decided way:

'So, you are college-boys, be ye?'

'Yes, Sir,' said Iago, inadvertently blowing a goodly quantity of smoke in his eyes, 'is that any of your business?'

'We'll see 'bout it,' replied the captain, as, with two or three others, he backed up against the door, as if to oppose our exodus. We were just about, in military parlance, to form ourselves in 'a hollow square,' and force our way, when the honest landlord advanced, opened the door, and declared he would have 'no rowing in his house.' Bidding the company a very ceremonious 'good-evening,' we passed out; but the 'Guards, bent on vengeance, followed close on. 'Let slip the dogs of war!' cried Iago; and with that, we turned, and Captain Bully, with two of his aids, bit the snow. It cooled their ardor completely. We mounted our cutter, extended a cordial invitation to our friends of Bogusville to visit us when they should chance down our way, and drove off. Ten miles over the clean, moon-lit snow brought us to a more civilized resting-place; and the next day we were in our old college-rooms.

Cassio and Iago! when shall we three meet again? Never, perhaps; yet we will not forget one another, nor the many hours we passed together. Farther and farther move we from the landscape of those college-days, and yet, I think, the picture grows brighter as it becomes smaller; its harsh tints mellowed, its proportions perfected. Let us meet, some time, and talk over our 'Readings!'

THE MINER'S SABBATH.

BY J. SWETT.

I.

UPON the lofty mountain's brow,
Where spreads the level table-land
In fields unbroken by the plough,
A silent worshipper I stand.

II.

Rough battlements in grandeur rise,
Their steep sides clothed in living green;
And far below, the valley lies,
Stretching in quietness between.

III.

Wild mountain-streamlets gladly run
To seek the valley's peaceful breast,
Where white tents gleam in morning-sun,
And miners from their labors rest.

IV.

This ancient altar of the world,
Upheaved by earth's primeval fire,
When waves of chaos darkly rolled,
Shall live to light its funeral pyre.

V.

In this cathedral of the hills,
The heart is awed in holy fear;
The soul with deepest feeling thrills,
For the INVISIBLE is here!

VI.

Wearied by six days' toil and care,
By iron bonds of sense oppressed;
With Nature, offering up a prayer,
Here would my earth-worn spirit rest.

VII.

Not in the crowded church of God,
My heart most bows before his throne,
But when I press the mountain-sod,
A worshipper, unseen and lone!

Table Mountain, Feather River, (Cal.)

TRANSCRIPTS

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF

BY FREDERICK L. VULTE.

CLOSE SHAVING.

'You know, Mr. Sheriff,' said Thison to me 'that I told you I never lost a man I had a writ ag'inst, but once, and that was in sich a way, that no one, even if he was smarter dan I be, could help it. Would you like to hear how it was?'

'Certainly, Tise.'

'Well: I a n't to be blamed for it, 'cause, you see, it was onpossible for me to avide it. It was a good many year ago, when Jim Shaw was sheriff. Shaw and I was good friends——'

'I know you were, Tise,' said I, interrupting him; 'don't be so particular in your relation of parts which have no bearing on the incident: give me generalities. Come, go on.'

'My gracious goodness!' exclaimed he, in anger; 'you never will let me relate any experience of mine without interrupting me! you won't let me tell any thing my own way. Why will you stop me, Mr. Sheriff? you know I don't like to be interrupted. Now, don't do it ag'in!'

'I will not,' replied I, soothingly; 'but can't you,' I suggested, 'get along just as well without naming every little circumstance?'

'*Little circumstance!*' retorted he, snappishly; 'Jim Shaw and me was great friends; he was a good man, and a good friend of mine, and it was n't a *little* circumstance that he was my friend.'

'Tise, you misapprehend me altogether. I desired, when I stopped you, that you might just as well preserve the general fact of your incident without over-loading it, by leaving out of the narration such parts as would seem cumbersome. I meant no disrespect to your association as a friend of Mr. Shaw: far from it. Indeed, I know that in some matters you were Mr. Shaw's right-hand man.'

'Dat I was!' replied he, 'and I'm proud of it; and I'm glad you did n't mean nothing wrong in interrupting. But it's a way I got, Mr. Sheriff,' continued he, 'and I must have my own way of telling a story. I'm glad it's all right now. God bless you! Yes! yes! me and Jim Shaw was good friends. God bless him!'

And the old man picked out a tear that had gathered in his eye, and he mumbled out still the words, 'God bless him! he was my friend!' How beautiful, that in the thoughts of this old man of nearly fourscore years, the freshness and greenness of memory of his friend clung so tenaciously, as that his eyes should drop a tear when his lips pronounced his name, or memory recalled the association of one he loved so dearly!

'Well, as I was saying,' continued he, his equanimity being now restored, 'when Jim Shaw was sheriff, I done a good many fancy things. I 'casionally got debutized to make arrests, serve writs, and the like; and one day, Mr. Robjohn, of de firm of Speel and Robjohn, sailor lawyers——'

'Marine lawyers,' interrupted I.

'Yes, dat's 'em: sailor lawyers, I calls 'em. Well, Mr. Robjohn come to me, and says he to me: 'Mr. Thison, as you seem to be the only man who can serve a writ for me just now, bekase dere don't happen to be any of the debuties in the office at this time, may-be the sheriff will debutize you to take a man for me, on an action for assault and battery, perwided you are willin'. What do you say? You can earn five dollars, beside what you may get from the defendant for a bond-fee. Is it a bargain?'

'Well, I looked at him, and I said I'd do it. He give me the five dollars, and I got debutized by Shaw, God bless him! and then Mr. Robjohn says he to me, says he: 'The bail is a thousand dollars: the defendant is first mate of the ship Akbar, now lying at Elephant-Wharf. My client was a seaman on board of her, on her last voyage, and was savagely and brutally beaten by the mate during her voyage, and the judge gave me an order to hold the defendant to bail; and when you git him,' says he to me, 'of course I want you to bring him to my office right away.'

'For a settlement, of course,' interrupted I; 'and doubtless, Thison,' I continued, 'Mr. Robjohn had full power to settle. He was the assignee of the right of action against the mate, wasn't he?'

'What be you made of, Mr. Sheriff?' queried Thison of me, looking at me with wonder and astonishment, 'you guessed it 'zackly. Now, I a n't 'fended; but you do know them things as well as if Mr. Robjohn hisself was here tellin' you. Dat was it, Mr. Sheriff; he was de assignee, and he wanted me for to bring de defendant to his office when I tuck him, and I promised I'd do it; and we said good-bye to each other, then, and he left me; and den, as I had got de five dollars in my pocket, I went strut down to Dover-street wharf, to git my man. Well, I found de ship easy enough; dere she was, and looking pooty, too. 'I wonder,' thinks I, 'if my defendant was dere; and if he looked pooty!' I couldn't help thinkin' so, Mr. Sheriff; pertickly, as I allers had a compassionatin' heart to sailor's, and when dey got abused and beat, as dey was so often, how could I help it? And den it was, and dat's de reason, I wondered if he looked pooty; and if he did n't, I am sure I would make him look and feel pooty when I got him in my clutch; yes, partickly pooty!'

'Tise,' said I, 'and if he didn't look and feel so in your hands, doubtless he would when he fell in Mr. Robjohn's gripe: what think you?'

'Well, I guess he would; yes! I think Robjack would,' replied Thison, 'soun' him to de bottom of his pockets.'

'Robjohn, Tise,' said I; 'not Robjack!'

'Robjack!' continued he, emphatically. 'He's allers called so, for don't he rob Jack, the poor sailor, all his life?' and then the old man

smoothed his chin and restrained a laugh, but he smirked continuously, still stroking his chin with his fingers: 'yes! yes! it's a name I gin' him myself, and it sticks, too.'

'I tell you what, Tise,' said I: 'it strikes me that in that matter you were a confederate; if you knew the lawyer's designs, you were a _____.'

'*Sui generis*!' exclaimed he, in a Blackstonian mood; 'I know enough of Latin for that. Dat's it, a n't it, Mr. Sheriff?'

'Not exactly,' I answered, 'although I think you are *sui generis*; *particeps criminis* would suit better; or, perhaps it might be charged that you were an accessory before the fact.'

'What fact?' inquired he, seemingly stultified.

'Of robbing Jack, with Mr. Robjohn.'

'I'm confused, Mr. Sheriff; let me go on with the story, won't you? You see, you will bother me by interrupting me. I almost lost de link: where was I? let me see! — im — im — yes! yes! Well, I got down to where the ship lay at Elephant Wharf, and I was goin' up de ladder on de side — werry easy, you see — when I heerd some one holler to me over de railin or the side, and I heerd a great growlin', and a yellin', and a snarlin'. 'Well,' thinks I, it a n't nothin', after all!' and I was still for a little. Then I moved another step, and then another; when de voice hollered out: 'Belay, there, White-Top! old Hook-Bill! hallo! What do you want, eh?' and the growlin', and the yelpin', and the barkin', on deck, was awful to hear! Well, I kinder moved on, as though I did n't hear nothing, and raised my leg to another step, when dat voice come ag'in: 'Blast yer eyes and ears! if you can't see, can't you hear? What do you want? out with it old White-Top! don't you come another step, or ye'll be chawed up; do you hear?' And I turned my eyes upward, and I stood still, and I let him know that I could see; for there, 'longside of the mate, (for it was him,) looking over de gunwale, was de biggest, ugliest, snarliest, jaggedest looking cretur of a dog that ever my eyes looked on; and I was skeered, and I stood still, and did n't move a bit, 'kase he was growlin' and barkin' all the time; on'y I begged de mate in de softest way I could, to chain de dog, and let me come aboard, for I had partickler bisness with him.'

'And he did so immediately, I suppose,' said I.

'No, Sir! he did n't; and, cuss him! if I had any pity for him afore, I had n't afterward, for he was onmannerly; calling me 'Old White-Top,' 'Old Hook-Bill,' and sich like names!'

'And you were on the ship's ladder all the while?' said I; 'an uneasy position, was n't it, Tise?'

'It was mighty oneasy: not a rope nor nothin' to hold on, with that ugly beast of a dog, and unmannerly brute of a mate, both ready to tear me to pieces: it was a ticklish affair. Why, 'pon my soul, Mr. Sheriff, I believe that feller would 'a' set that dog on me jist as soon as he would do any thing! Well, dere was no use of my staying there, and I got on the dock; and I looked up, and there I seed the two beasts a-looking over the rail; and the mate he hollered out to me that he knowed me: that I was a sheriff's officer, and that I never would

and I never should take him ; and he told me that I oughter be about more seasonable business for a old man : dat I was a old curmudgeon, and sich like names : ' Old White-Top,' and ' Hook-Bill.' Well, you see, dere was no use of my staying there any longer, so I come away. I went a good many times : in the mornin' — in the night — all times of day : it was n't any use. For, every time I tried to git on board, dere was dat ugly dog, barkin', and growlin', and yellin' at me ; and I felt werry bad that I was fixed so, but I could n't help it. I had to give it up, and I never took him. It made me feel so bad, bekase I did n't take him, dat I did n't know what to do ; and you know, Mr. Sheriff, dat when sich as we enter into a thing with sperrit, we don't like to be disapp'inted ; do we ?'

' Perfectly true, Tise, every word of it,' said I. ' But tell me, my old friend, how did you get along with Mr. Robjohn ? He knew of your mishap : what did he say or do ?'

' Said ? why, God bless you ! he threatened to sue me for a false return, if I did n't return the writ, '*defendant taken* ;' ' and then the old man looked at me with a searching glance, and asked me ' what I would have done in sich a fix ?'

' I don't know, my friend,' replied I, ' what my course would have been. It was, it appears to me, very unreasonable in him to expect you to do more or better than you did.'

' Reason !' continued the old man, ' why, you don't expect sich as Mr. Robjack ———'

' Robjohn,' interrupted I, ' or Robtise : he had n't a chance this time to rob Jack, and therefore, he wants to rob Tise.'

At which Thison burst into one of his loud ha ! ha !'s and finally ending with a chuckle peculiar to himself, and his eyes then distending and ogling me with a leer that seemed to say what afterward he gave utterance to.

' Well, Tise, you returned the writ, of course.'

' In course I did, but not till he ruled me to return. You see, I could 'a' done it jist as well first as last, but I wanted to bother him ; and I guess I did. I gin him sich a return he did n't like much.'

' Why ? was it a special return, detailing the facts and impossibilities of an arrest under the circumstances ?'

' No, no ! bless you ! it was de usual return.'

' What do you mean ? you certainly did not return the writ '*not found* ?'

' De usual return,' replied he, sententiously.

' Then the usual return, Tise, would have been, in that case, a false return. I can't understand you. You say you did not take the man, yet you saw him ; and you also say that your return was in the usual form. Now, how could you have made such a return, and make it conform to the facts ?'

' Easiest way in the world,' replied he, very calmly.

' Your return, then, must have been, '*Defendant taken : fees due, sixty-nine cents* ;' or, '*Defendant not found* ;' or make a special return.'

' Why, look here, Mr. Sheriff ! I a n't no fool ! I a n't lived so long

in this world without having some cunning. People what takes me for a fool, I guess'll be mistaken. No, Sir! My return was true, although the lawyer did threaten to sue me if I made any other return than the first one you mentioned: my return was, '*Fees taken; defendant due.*' What do you think of that? rewersin' the order, was n't it? A n't that good for me, Mr. Sheriff? you don't think all the wisdom is died out, do you?' And he ended his question with a remarkable gravity on his countenance, assuring me by that look that he had mastered the peculiar difficulties with which we are occasionally surrounded, in cases similar to this one; although there was a smacking spice of wit in the evasion.

'Close shaving, don't you think so, Mr. Sheriff?' continued he.

'Very close, indeed, Tise,' replied I; 'and there are very few can handle shaving-tools like that; but you are an expert. Tell me, how did Mr. Robjohn like that return?'

'Like it! he could n't help liking it: it was the truth. I took the fees. I did n't take the defendant, and therefore he was due; and I guess he had to content hisself, when he found he could n't do nothing but grin and bear it. I was dispirited: so was he. I did n't take my man, although I did see him: and Robjack did n't soun' his pockets if he had the instruments to do it with; and what was onpossible to be did could n't be done, no how: so he had to grin and-bear it, and let it slide off easy; and I never heerd nothing more of it at all, ever afterward. Close shaving, was n't it?'

'Very!' replied I.

'And ag'in,' continued the garrulous old man, 'I knowed a regular debuty, a general debuty-sheriff, one who done a different kind of shaving bisness from me; for you must know, Mr. Sheriff, I skin and shave close sometimes, yet I never 'strained, or levied upon poor folks' goods for my fees. If the debt was satisfied, and all paid 'cept my costs, and the defendant could n't pay any more, kase he had n't it to pay, why, you see, I done as Mr. Robjohn done — let it slide, let it slide; and I felt a good deal easier: for I'm a old man, Mr. Sheriff, but it shan't be said that Henry Thison ever tuck a poor man's or woman's chores to pay costs. I'm honest. I'm poor: but the old man a n't rogue enough, or poor, or mean enough, for that. No, Sir!' and this was uttered in so determined an air, that I doubt not it had been his ruling principle since his connection with the sheriff's office.

'Now, Mr. Sheriff,' continued he, 'give me a little more rope, as the criminal said under the gallus, and I'm done botherin' you. You see, this general debuty (I a n't a-going to mention any names, for he was too cussed mean for me, to name him,) once had a execution ag'in a widow-woman, and he went to her house to make a levy. Well, after he had satisfied hisself dere was n't nothin' for him to take, bekase all she had, and that was very little, was exempt from levy and sale, he had the impudence to ask her for his fees; and when she told him she had n't no money, and was werry poor, but she had seen better days, I'm blamed if he did n't up and tell her dat he must have the fees, any how.'

'But how could he get them, Tise?' I asked, 'if all the property was, as you say, exempt?'

'Close shaving!' returned he, moodily; 'mean, cussed, close shaving! — skinning, I call it! Why, see! he told her right down 'arnest, he must and he would have his fees: if he could n't get them one way, he would another. He had a livin' to work out for hisself and family, and he guessed if the money did n't come willin', he'd fetch it unwillin'; and then he told the widow dat, as the law exempted all family-pictures from levy and sale, the inference was, dat it did n't exempt de frames; and den I'm blained if he did n't tell her (to his disgrace for ever) dat he was a-goin' to take the frame off of her dead husband's likeness.'

'Gracious God! it can't be possible, Tise!'

'Fact, Sir! fact, Sir! As true as I'm alive, Sir!'

'It was n't done, though, was it, Tise? for the honor of the age, I hope not!' said I.

'It would 'a' bin, I tell you, had n't it bin for the high-sheriff, who, when he heerd it, forbid it plumply; and he told the debuty, that if he'd 'a' done that thing, he'd disgrace the office for ever.'

'That was n't all the action the high-sheriff took in this matter, was it, Tise?'

'No! no! God bless him! he suspended him, and rightly, too!'

'You mean, he hung him, eh, Tise?'

'Yes, Sir, up to dry, for three months, Sir; and rightly sarved, too! Yes, Sir; and he sarved him right!' And the old man thereupon took an extra pinch of snuff, which having supplied his hook-bill to its satisfaction, as if he had fed an eaglet, he kept mumbling, 'rightly sarved!' and something about 'what is saved at the spigot is generally lost at the bung.'

'Could it be, that in these days,' said I, 'such a thing should be permitted? or that any one so heartless could be found as to practise such enormities against the liberal spirit of the law, by exacting from ignorance and want, drops of blood wherewith he might be supplied and kept in-being, like the fabulous vampire, whose prey yielded life to enable him to live? Good Heaven! I pray there are no more such here on earth!'

'See! Mr. Sheriff,' continued Thison, 'I like fun, and I'm pooty sharp and keen, sometimes; but I never practise the way that debuty did. I never was hard on any one but them as desarved it; and I've got a conceit, and I think have enough judgment, to know who and what kind of people should be treated ha'sh: who is honest and desarvin', and who not: and when I find him right — you know how I work. A n't it so?'

'It is as you say, my friend,' replied I; 'and no one knows your heart better than I.'

'To be sure you do,' returned he; 'and right glad am I that you know me so well. But let that go: don't think no more about it. It's all past: let it slide! let it slide!' and the old man drooped into a semi-lethargic state; but, recovering himself, he shook off the dreaminess that hung upon him, brushed up his hair and arranged it to his

satisfaction, and took another pinch of ('The American Gentleman') snuff, and then, every thing being right, he asked me if any thing was coming off, wherein his services might be required ?

'Always ! all times, my constant friend !' replied I ; 'and there is now a very particular piece of trap on hand, in which, of course, you must be the main-stay of my proceeding.'

'Ready, Sir ! always ready !' said he, eagerly ; 'quick and sure, snap and go : let it slide ! What is it, Mr. Sheriff ?'

'You see, Tise,' replied I, 'there is a fashionable hair-cutting and tonsorial establishment in Broadway, which is at different times, upon certain occasions, claimed to be owned by two parties, severally ; not adversely against each other, but only to help each other through the meshes of the law ; that's all. Thus, if I should have an execution against one of them, why, the other would be owner of the property, and the claimant thereof would show an excellent legal title, a bill of sale, and a receipt in full, and a continued possession of the chattels in himself, and new bills, in his name, for fresh supplies of goods. This was the state of affairs when I presented myself with an execution, some months ago, against one of these said parties, and demanded the payment thereof : and of course, as every thing looked so fair and honest, the attorney for the plaintiff on the execution refused to indemnify me to take the property ; and when the execution had expired, I returned it *nulla bona*.'

'You could n't do nothing else, as I see,' interrupted Thison, 'unless you called a jury to determine who did own de goods.'

'There was no question raised as to the ownership. The attorney refused positively to indemnify me ; and *nulla bona* was my final return.'

'No bones, as we used to say, 'bout fifty year ago,' said Thison ; 'yes ! yes ! I know what it is. No bones, dat's no goods ; and no goods is *nulla bona*.'

'Very logically argued, Tise,' said I.

'Well, how 'bout t'other ?' inquired he, eagerly.

'The same thing,' replied I. 'Why, Tise,' said I, 'would you believe it ? It was about four or five months afterward, when I received an execution against the other party, the 'original Jacobs ;' and then, the 'real, genuine, original Jacobs' was the claimant of the goods.'

'Believe it, Mr. Sheriff ?' answered Thison, 'to be sure I do. Why, ha' n't I seen sich things offen and offen ? Don't I know them kind of fellers ? See ! I'm a old man, but they can't come around me with sich like succemflexions !' And the old man accompanied his last remark with a waving motion of his hand, describing circles and parabolas, until the movement was merged in the language : 'succem — fellers — old man — offen — and offen.'

'Now, Tise,' said I, 'the piece of trap, as I intimated, in which I should like you to engage, is this : I happen, at this time, to have an execution against each of these parties, and of course, if I go to them and exhibit the writs, neither of them will claim the goods, but probably they will bring in an entirely different claimant ; possibly, an assignment, or some conveyance calculated to prevent my seizure. One of

the executions is upon a judgment recently recovered; the other is about a year old: and, as I have made up my mind (thanks to your apt teaching) not to be deceived more than once, I shall therefore require your invaluable services and counsel in this emergency. You'll go with me, will you not?'

'Certainly! certainly, Mr. Sheriff! — but I'm 'bleeged to you for dat compliment!' said he, taking off his hat, and making his usual very polite bow. 'But see, Mr. Sheriff,' continued he, 'who be dese parties? A n't dey Rington and Snawler?'

'The very same! But how did you imagine them to be the persons?'

'Old tricks!' replied he; 'I heern of 'em a good while. 'T a n't the fast time, by a long shot, they 'm up to sich tricks. Dey never was cotched in 'em. I guess dey got to come down, now: kase two of us will fetch 'em!' And he took an extra pinch of snuff, to give assurance, as I supposed, that Rington and Snawler would have to come down, through the potent witchery of the 'American Gentleman.'

'Tise,' said I, 'are you ready?'

'Always!' replied he, gleefully.

'Then let's up and away!'

And forthwith we started, my companion scarcely uttering a word. We walked side by side for a little while, and then Thison, who was in a deep meditation from the time we left our office, at once objected to our proceeding in this manner; and he requested me to go with him to some private place where we could digest our plans, intimating that 'as we was going after ducks, we'd better take duck-shot with us.'

'A timely and wise precaution,' said I; 'and I thank you for it, my old friend!'

'See, Mr. Sheriff!' continued he; 'I'm pooty well known: so be you: and it won't do for us to be seen together. Now, my plan is this: I'll go ahead, and keep on ahead.'

I inwardly prayed he might always keep on a head such as his: for to me and such as me, such a head was not always to be found by the mere looking for it.

'Ah! now I comprehend you, Tise. You think that those who go a-ducking, should always have a decoy.'

'I do, indeed, Sir; and I don't keer, so long as game is got, how it's got, if it's honorable; and if we two can't bring Rington and Snawler, why, I'll lose my guess, 'at's all. Now remember!'

Our affairs, being now, according to my companion's judgment, concluded upon, and arranged to his satisfaction, I thereupon delivered to him the execution against Rington, while I kept the one against Snawler; and I directed Thison to go, about ten minutes in advance of me, to the defendants' saloon or divan, and submit his beard to the razorial operation: a thing much desired, I thought, and very necessary.

'Jist the thing!' replied he; 'you could n't 'a' hit it better.'

'How could it be otherwise, Tise?' queried I. 'Have n't you been giving me lessons all the morning, about shooting?'

'Yes! yes!' replied he, quickly; 'but it won't do to shoot at de decoy: dat a n't a good shot, any how.'

'Well, you want shaving, very much.'

'Yes! yes! my baird is rather long, and I'd as lieve airy one of 'em, either Rington or Snawler, would take it off, as any one else, so dey don't cut.'

'They have the reputation, Tise, of shaving close,' said I.

'I'll give 'em a chance, den,' said Thison; and he left me to carry out his part of the plan arranged between us.

The arrangement was, that Thison should appear, on his entrance in the shaving-room of my parties, as a country gentleman just arrived in the city, (and whose general demeanor would bear out the implication,) desirous of being shaved; and the ten minutes' advance of me, I concluded, would properly seat him, and allow him to be fairly undergoing the operation; at which time I was to make my appearance, and proceed at once to address Snawler respecting the execution against him: of course, Tise keeping his conduct in entire reserve the while, and that I would start the game, and then my companion was to bag it. Every thing happened superbly. I got there in good time, and knowing both my defendants very well, from the frequent business visits I made to them, I approached Snawler, who was disengaged — Tise being under the careful charge of Rington, with towel placed around his throat and shoulders, his face well-lathered, and now and then he leered at me wistfully, wondering, as it seemed to me, whether I would fail in my plans; and then again the assuring look that all would come out right as we understood it.

I made known to Snawler my business; of course, then came the stereotyped reply, that 'Rington was the owner of every thing in the place.'

'Be so good, Mr. Snawler,' said I, 'as to tell me when you sold the stock to Mr. Rington.'

'Certainly, Sheriff,' replied he very courteously, (and I thought, as in one who sugars his language so sweetly, there was deception in the sound,) 'certainly, Sheriff; some six months ago, I think. Perhaps you would like to see the bill of sale?'

'Yes! allow me to see it,' said I, in reply.

The bill of sale was shown to me, and I now looked upon that identical conveyance for about the twentieth time. I passed my eyes over it very carefully; looked at some other bills, handed to me at the same time by him, which exhibited the staring fact that Rington had purchased from other parties the supplies needed in the business. I examined these also very carefully; in reality, for no other purpose than to consume time, so as to allow Thison to work understandingly. His ears were open to every word; his eyes expressed satisfaction at the mysteries I was unlocking; and I saw that he was uneasy in his position, throttled as he almost was by the towel in the anxious hands of Rington, who, hearing what my business was, for the moment forgot himself, and was tying Thison up most beautifully.

'Hallo!' exclaimed Tise, looking at Rington with astonishment, and fairly shaking that gentleman from his equilibrium: 'be you goin' to choke a feller? ye'd better not!'

Beg pardon, Sir! Very sorry, Sir!'

'Hurry up, then! and let go that towel, do you hear?' cried Thison in a semi-savage mumble.

'Certainly, Sir. Beg pardon, Sir,' replied he, very nervously and obsequiously.

And this was the rarest comical picture I ever beheld. Here stood I, probing the very vitals of Snawler, without any real necessity, (because I knew all about his tricks,) but only to gain time for my assistant, who was near being choked to death; his forehead, to be sure, exhibiting a flesh-like appearance, and the lower part of his face all lathered, as it was, looking like a clown in a pantomime; and Rington alongside of Thison, twisting up the ends of the towel around Thison's neck and shoulders, nervously listening to what was transpiring between Snawler and myself. The tableau was shifted by Thison's demand to 'hurry up'; and the shaving operations were continued without an apparent murmur. Thison's beard was taken off at length, (or in length) and the operation was finished in due time.

Meanwhile, Snawler was convincing me of the fairness of the transfer made by him to Rington, and that by the nature of things and the rights thereto, it would be a gross trespass to seize one man's goods to pay another's debts.

To which I yielded a ready assent; and finally Mr. Rington (the loving partner in iniquity) approached me and 'assured me that what Mr. Snawler said about his being the proprietor of the establishment was true, every word of it; that he would make good his title by prosecuting any one who would interfere with his rights in that behalf.'

Thison's ears were open to this declaration; for it was said in so loud a tone that a man in so close a contiguity as he, must have been deaf as an adder not to have heard it.

'May be, then,' said Thison, coming up to, and addressing Mr. Rington, 'you'll pay this here amount in this here execution expressed ag'in you. May be you will, won't you?' continued he, in the blandest manner possible, at the same time handing the writ to the defendant therein named, and proceeding very coolly to take a pinch of the all-consoling powdered weed. 'May-be you will,' reiterated he, tantalizingly; 'and may be you'll be made to, if you don't do it right strut off.'

At this interruption of my affairs by Thison, I of course affected to be surprised; and, as it was a part of my arrangements that we were not to know each other, I took no part in the controversy that then sprang up, and quietly seated myself, content only as a spectator and auditor; not as actor.

Thison glibly told the parties that he 'heerd all that took place, when that there gentleman' — pointing to me — 'said he had an execution ag'in Mr. Snawler, and Mr. Snawler said he did n't own nothin', but that Mr. Rington did own all': I could scarcely keep still in my seat; 'and then you,' addressing Rington, 'was a-going to choke me, was n't you? Anxious, was n't you? Nervous, I dare say!' and there was a bitterness in the old man's manner that was truly withering.

'It was unintentional,' said Rington, 'and I apologize to you, Sir, for my apparent harsh treatment. It was farthest from my thoughts.'

Seeing that matters, as they stood, required the presence of one in my position, I broke the restraint of my agreement with Thison, and addressing them, I said : ' Mr. Thison, gentlemen, is my assistant, and my valued friend. He is one of the politest, most urbane, and kindly-disposed gentlemen in the world, when you let him have his own way. He is cautious, shrewd, and untiring : he will not brook an insult from any one, and doubtless he feels what he has expressed. But I nevertheless think he has acted rather hastily in the charge he has made against Mr. Rington ; for, surely, that gentleman could not have known that he was my assistant.'

' I had n't the least idea,' said Mr. Rington, very coolly.

' I am sure you, nor your partner had not,' said I ; ' for if either of you had,' I continued, ' neither Mr. Rington nor Mr. Snawler would have been the claimant to this property.'

' Rather severe, that, Sheriff!' observed they in the same breath.

' But uncommon proper and true,' chuckled Tise, and the old man looked at me telegraphically, which was answered in like manner ; and he addressed the party defendants, and demanded the payment of the claim he held in his hand. ' May-be, though, you 'm both going to pay both executions ; eh ? — may be so : how is it ?'

' Not exactly, as far as I am concerned,' replied Rington. ' I've got enough to pay, to last me for some time : five hundred and twenty-four dollars!'

' And sixteen cents, beside interest and costs,' echoed Tise, sententiously. ' And you won't pay the one the sheriff's got ag'in you ?' said he, addressing Mr. Snawler ; ' it's only thirty-two dollars. Come, pay up, won't you ?'

' No!' saucily replied that worthy.

' Well, I knowed you would n't ; you need n't make a fuss about it. If you don't,' continued Thison, in the coolest manner imaginable, ' I a n't disappointed a bit. We 'm got a big pull out of you, any how ; that's my opinion : and, more 'n 'at, I knowed it was a-goin' to work just so. You 'm both good at shavin', and so am we : only with other insterments, though!'

' Mr. Thison,' observed I, ' this matter is now about being settled ; and, as all has eventuated to our satisfaction, be considerate, and practise a little Christian charity, by being merciful to them that persecute you.'

' I 'm satisfied, God bless you!' replied the old man.

' And so are we,' cried Rington and Snawler both ; ' no more money is likely to be paid, than what one or the other of us is bound in honor to pay!' and this was said in a manner that seemed to provoke a reply.

' But, Sheriff,' said Rington, good-naturedly, ' this proceeding of yours is very adroit : do you practise in this way, generally ?'

' I always do,' replied I, ' in desperate cases ; when my old friend, Mr. Thison, suggests the expedient, and is my companion on those occasions. He sets the hounds on the chase, and we manage, somehow or another, to be both in at the death!'

And so, as the parties seemed to be more in humor with us, and per-

fectly reconciled at the dash we made upon their treasures — although it cost them one or two groans — we left them to enjoy themselves as best they could; to their mutual consolations.

The money was collected, every dollar and cent, from Rington; and I never admired Thison's peculiar felicity more than in this particular transaction. He went in for large items: his genius was bent on the collection of the large execution, and it was collected; but when he attempted to collect the small one, also, my modesty was abashed at his effrontery, and I submitted to him that I thought it was rather close shaving: indeed, I might say that it was a flaying service.

'All right!' said he, 'Ha'n't they been carrying on this business for a long time? — but dey got it dis time. See, Mr. Sheriff, a n't my advice good? If we'd 'a' gone for the little one, dat's all we'd 'a' got. My advice is, go it allers for the biggest: and if you lay your plans right, you're sure to hit.'

C U P I D A R M E D .

CUPID, thrice-ungrateful boy,
Once my bosom-friend and joy,
Tired of peace and friendship's calms,
Sought me, late, with hostile arms.
See, equipped with helm and lance,
Shield and bow, the god advance!
Cried he: 'Either dare the field,
Or in craven silence yield!
None can cope with me above,
None below can conquer LOVE!
Glad I sprang to try the field,
Yet paused before his blazoned shield.
There, with more than mortal grace,
Glowed my mistress' form and face.
Fell my arms; I paused amazed;
Was forgotten while I gazed.
From her eyes her merry glances
Darted forth like fire-tipped lances;
Arching lips of rosy hue,
(Rose-buds sparkling in the dew!)
Rounded chin and glowing cheeks,
Where the warm heart's passion speaks:
Polished forehead, high and fair,
Crowned with wealth of raven hair:
(Would my hand, in soft caresses,
Might be sporting with its tresses!
Vain the thought! she mocks my plaining:
O'er a thousand bosoms reigning!)

Thus the limner decked the shield.
Was it strange I lost the field?
While I gazed, false CUPID'S dart
Pierced my unprotected heart.

March, 1854.

CREDIA

W A R .

AGAIN the tocsin sounds ; the trumpet's blast
 Rings through the earth its stirring call to arms,
 Breaks up the slumbers of the peaceful past,
 And shakes a prospering world with dread alarms :
 Again BELLONA guides, with awful charms,
 The crushing progress of her crimson car
 O'er maddened hearts, and quivering human forms :
 PRIDE, HATRED, RAGE, DESPAIR, malignant jar
 By turns the minds of men, and HELL is loosed with WAR.

On Europe's teeming fields and smiling plains,
 Rich with the harvests of her forty years,
 Enthroned supreme, the dark DESTROYER reigns,
 To drench her soil anew with blood and tears :
 The epoch now, whose lurid dawn appears,
 With horrid portents, o'er her darkened sky,
 Those signs of widest desolation wears
 That lowered when, kindled at Gaul's battle-cry,
 Her nations all were joined in dreadful rivalry.

Millions of men, her flower, in manhood's prime,
 May die in anguish at each other's hands ;
 And ah ! the millions more, unstained by crime,
 Whose tears will flow upon her bloody sands !
 Her lofty cities sacked by hostile bands ;
 Her wealth, her commerce, sunk in ocean's wave :
 Her peaceful strength transferred to other lands ;
 Her-sons the tenants of an early grave :
 These are the fruits of war, and all it ever gave.

That rolling cycle comes to earth again,
 When FOLLY, CRIME, and MADNESS rule the hour :
 Too high the joys which PEACE, with gentle reign,
 Hath brought to nations as her heavenly dower :
 False HONOR spurns her ever-spreading power ;
 AMBITION trails her symbols in the dust :
 MAN, restless, rushes from her roseate bower,
 Where safety circles his unfaltering trust,
 To brave the certain ills of anarchy and lust.

What though for JUSTICE spring his glittering sword ?
 For FREEDOM, ring th' exulting battle-cry ?
 For meek RELIGION, blood in seas be poured ?
 For GLORY's meed, his countless squadrons die ?
 Has not earth heard that oft-repeated lie
 Enough to learn the worthlessness of war ?
 Is not, in woes alone, the history
 Of every contest writ, on every shore,
 Since CAIN's first murder stained her virgin soil with gore ?

Shall she repeat, on Europe's cultured plains,
 The last great drama of her crimsoned page,
 To feel, at length, that some NAPOLEON reigns,
 The demon-despot of a brutal age ?

That war, which fed, must crush his boundless rage,
 And all her labors end where they began?
 That nations, drained, exhausted, vainly wage
 The horrid combat between man and man?
 Have all her sufferings taught no wiser, better plan?

Shall tyrants frame communities to share
 Of one, or wise or weak, the weal or woe?
 Shall statesmen still their fettered country bear
 To cast its fortunes on a desperate throw,
 And risk all hopes in war's uncertain blow?
 Must man be ever chained to feel and fight
 The banded puppets of AMBITION'S show?
 Must patriot folly drown all sense of right?
 Then truly EARTH is yet in her primeval night!

What hope had VIRTUE here, or gentle PEACE,
 Her sweet concomitant, were this a scene
 Not ended soon by welcome DEATH'S release,
 While stern OPPRESSION clouds its silvery sheen?
 Though skies are bright, and smiling landscapes green,
 In full luxuriance pouring forth their store;
 What if the conqueror tread this fair terrene,
 To drench its flowery fields with human gore,
 But kindred Hell were Earth, without that happier shore?

Alas! too surely of a fallen race,
 Is ceaseless war th' unanswerable seal!
 To men redeemed by HEAVEN-appointed grace,
 Its mission here is not to cause, but heal
 The thousand ills which suffering brethren feel.
 How wide the contrast, when a world is swayed
 By airy trifles, pretexts scarcely real,
 For mortal strife to draw the glittering blade,
 And march, the tools of POWER, in serried bands arrayed!

What were the pleasures of a scene like this,
 With man th' eternal habitant, as now,
 A selfish foeman to his neighbor's bliss —
 Nor less his own — through wickedness and woe?
 The fabled torturers in realms below,
 Were impotent of ill to human sway:
 Remove DEATH'S signet from his iron brow,
 Renew his lease within this house of clay,
 And fiends, as types of men, would shrink with wild dismay!

Does he not vainly hope for future heaven,
 Who bears the hell of hatred in his heart;
 Asks of a FATHER'S love to be forgiven,
 Yet plays on earth the fratricidal part,
 Where LUST and FOLLY rule its every start?
 A true descendant of the first-born CAIN,
 The causeless murderer, drilled by *nicer* art,
 As doomed, a wanderer o'er her fair domain,
 To bring unnumbered woes where'er he treads the plain.

Shall nations never sheathe th' avenging sword,
 And learn to trust its doubtful chance no more?
 Alas! fulfilment of the prophet's word
 Scarce nearer seems than ever yet before!

The grim portents of universal war,
 Masked in profession of His holy name,
 Whose life, and deeds, and heavenly language, bore
 The glorious anthem sounded when He came,
 Hang o'er a trembling world, to burst with quenchless flame.

His doctrine taught Earth's erring child of sin
 The truth enforced on each historic page,
 That HEAVEN'S loved sway is only known within,
 Through bloodless war with man's unhallowed rage;
 That, leaving all, his ransomed soul must wage
 A contest ended but with NATURE'S life;
 A ceaseless fight with self, through every stage
 Of fierce rebellion in that nature rife,
 Till, meekly bowed like HIM, submission crowns the strife.

When born anew, through God's redeeming gift,
 The creature learns his law of boundless love,
 Then, not till then, may hopes eternal lift
 Their raptured reach to realms of peace above.
 Here, lust, and hate, and pride, and passion prove
 DESTRUCTION'S reign o'er JUSTICE, TRUTH, and RIGHT:
 These, nor their willing slaves, can ever move
 Beyond the gloom of earth's Cimmerian night;
 For Heaven is meekness, joy, and purity, and light!

Philadelphia, 4th month, 1854.

J. J. W.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT.

BY A. F. PERRY.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE commencement of the wars of the French revolution was the end of Pitt's economy, and probably the end of his happiness. The picture of the rest of his life is the picture of a brave man struggling with adversity. It was a struggle with sedition at home, and with hostile nations abroad; and so much the more unhappy because his allies, the means with which alone it was possible for him to accomplish his purpose, were, for the most part, corrupt and dishonored monarchs — the representatives of effete and rotten dynasties — impossible to be trusted, unworthy to be saved. It was a succession of leagues to suppress revolution, and the heads of those leagues, with few exceptions, were so many living testimonies to the necessity of revolution. Their public conduct — destitute of integrity alike to friend and foe; weak, fickle, rapacious, wholly wanting in moral stamina; beyond all ordinary measure pusillanimous and detestable — was a loud appeal to mankind to dethrone them. He held back from this gloomy companionship. They several times extended their hands to him, but met no answering touch. He undoubtedly prayed that the bitter cup might pass from him. But when his mind was convinced of the necessity of

the case, the die was cast. He straightened himself head and shoulders above them all. His clear voice, his clear character, 'made all Europe ring, from side to side.' From that time, however deserted or abandoned by his allies, he stood firm. Frequent treacheries, multiplying disasters, an ever-increasing density of gloom settling over the prospects of his cause, inflicted their scars upon his heart, and wrote their wrinkles upon his hitherto shining and prosperous brow; but his constant spirit could be neither bent nor broken. It must be frankly acknowledged that he entered upon those wars with a totally inadequate idea of their continuance or magnitude; nor can this be imputed as a fault, or be used to impeach his sagacity. Wars and revolutions were to be found described in history; and from these, inferences could be drawn respecting other wars and revolutions. The natural history, so to speak, of wars and revolutions, could be understood. But there had been no century like the eighteenth — no revolution had evolved such forces or developed such men as the French revolution. It was a new development, as incredible and as little to be inferred from precedents as vertebrate animals from molluscs, or man himself from the lower orders of mammalia. It were as easy from an oyster to infer a man, as from a revolution to infer a Napoleon. The austere virtues of Washington and his American compeers might be inferred from a sparse, hardy, and frugal population, trained to self-reliance and well grounded in religious faith. But from the infidelity and corruptions of fashionable France, such austerity and unity of impulse could not be foreseen. Least of all could it be predicted that a character would rise from the ruins of society, destitute of religious faith, but vital with religious instincts, for the defence and re-construction of liberty; a character so superior, so beneficent, so grand that he seemed, in his relations to the ideal, to be like one of those mathematical figures constructed in a circle, touching and coinciding at numerous points of the periphery, and lacking only some small segments to be equal with it. All that any human sagacity could be expected, in Pitt's situation, to foresee was this: that the revolution, which was interpolated upon European affairs, must kill monarchy or be killed by it; that revolution, however organized for a time, was in its nature anarchical; that, at some time or other, and somehow or other, it would, if firmly resisted, disorganize itself and be overthrown. This was the problem which, through the influence of Pitt's policy, was, long after his death, worked out on the plains of Waterloo.

Within a short period of the breaking out of war between France and England, and under the impulse given by Pitt's controlling mind, alliances had been contracted with Russia, Prussia, Sardinia, Naples, Spain, the two Sicilies, the emperor of Germany, and with Portugal; and France was hemmed in from Calais to Bayonne with an uninterrupted line of three hundred and sixty thousand bayonets. This line moved gradually in toward Paris, and, in all probability, might have throttled and suppressed the revolution in its infancy. No reason can be discovered why that which was done in 1814, and again in 1815, might not more easily have been done in 1793, except that the allied sovereigns who had entered upon the war avowedly to prevent the

spread of anarchy, proved false and fickle. With the dawns of success, their ignoble minds were filled with cravings for plunder. They intended to restore the fallen dynasty, but only to a mutilated throne. The temptation to make profit out of a brother sovereign in distress was to their belittled souls an irresistible temptation. They might have agreed, and in fact did agree to rob France; but corruption and rapacity did not end there; they were mutually anxious to rob and betray each other. They played their great game of war with the morality of inferior gamblers, who cheat each other with marked cards and loaded dice. It is impossible for an honest nature to look upon their proceedings with any other feeling than that of strong disgust. Sympathy flees with offended nostrils from their odious camp, and finds a refuge in the warm bosom of the revolution. Here, at least, great crimes are balanced by great virtues. Here, at least, is deep earnestness. Here, at least, is heroic courage. Here, too, Liberty, however repulsed and wounded, beholds with yearning heart the ardor of her worshippers; and here, though bleeding and sorrowful, she recognizes in all her distress that her wounds are received from friendly hands. Alarmed and disquieted, she looks over the continent in vain for a foothold, and, turning ever back to unhappy France, it is here in the centre of the revolution she welcomes her fickle throne, and, smiling through her tears, becomes the religion and the worship of a devoted people.

The outrages committed and proposed by the allied powers aroused a spirit altogether unexpected. All France resolved itself into a camp, and, marching to the music of revolutionary hymns, pushed back the advancing lines of the allies. One of the last scenes of that eventful campaign was the re-capture of Toulon by the republican forces. It was from the smoke and din of that sanguinary scene that there first emerged upon Europe a little, square-shouldered, bronze figure — before then known to the army, but not to the public — who planned the battle, but was only subordinate in position, and who might be seen during that murderous conflict, now leading battalions of republican infantry with irresistible vehemence to bayonet charges, now directing with eager glance the awful thunders of artillery; now serenely watching the ebb and flow of the tide of slaughter, and awaiting, with calm confidence, the ascent of victory. He was about to teach Europe new lessons of glory and empire, and to awaken her to grander conceptions. That little bronze figure has since become the soldier's myth!

The history of these wars, necessary to be known to understand the life and services of Pitt, must, nevertheless, be left in the back-ground of the picture. His place was in the cabinet, not in the field. It is unnecessary to do more than barely hint how, in 1794, the allied lines were driven still farther back; how, in 1795, the alliance fell to pieces with the weight of its own rottenness; how Pitt rallied the monarchs to new league and again drove in the republican armies upon France; but how that little bronze-figure, still in subordinate station, neutralized the success of the allies by disconcerting their plans in the Alps, and involving them in unlooked-for complications; how, in 1796, the armies of Jourdan and Moreau were driven home from Germany;

but how again that emergent figure of bronze, now at the head of a separate army, manœuvred and fought his way through superior masses into the plains of Italy; how he met there and conquered five successive armies, each one larger than his own, and, hurrying home upon his adversaries the terror of exploits such as history had never recorded, he disconcerted the hostile league, and dictated peace at Campo Formia; how the indomitable Pitt, never yielding himself to the demand for peace, again cemented a league; how Bonaparte was stopped in his eastern career at Acre; how the republican forces were driven out of Italy, and the tide of battle turned again toward France; how, again returning to France and finding her colors drooping, Bonaparte put himself at the head of her government, organized society anew, launched Moreau, with a splendid attacking column, upon Germany, threw himself at the head of another column, over the tops of the Alps, and rescued Italy by a single blow; how he sent to Paris, and to Moreau, in Germany, the shouts of Marengo, and how Moreau and his column echoed them back from Hohenlinden; how the French revolution, not suppressed, stood defiant and crowned with victory, her tri-colors beautiful with the sun-light of freedom, streaming far over the borders, and republican France not alone in Europe, but the centre and chief of a series of affiliated republics.

But, leaving these topics to the province of general history, we must study Pitt in his chosen field — in the House of Commons, and in the cabinet. How far time and events had obscured the original purity and generosity of his ambition or blunted his sensibilities, is a question which different persons will be likely to settle according to their prepossessions of the general merits of his political career. But it must have been humiliating to a great soul to find apologies for allies whose conduct admitted of no apology; to be obliged always to wring from disaster the auguries of better success. Nor did his proud spirit stoop much to apologize. The repeated failure of his combinations was, of course, reviewed and enlarged upon by eloquent adversaries at every parliamentary crisis. 'It matters little,' said he, in reply to Fox, 'whether the disasters which have arisen are to be ascribed to the weakness of the generals, the intrigues of camps, or the jealousies of cabinets; the fact is that they exist, and that we must anew commence the salvation of Europe.'

The disasters abroad, however, were only more conspicuous, but not more difficult to meet, than the troubles at home. In 1794, the dangers of popular insurrection were so great that he called upon parliament to suspend the *habeas-corpus* act, and the general opinion of the necessity of this suspension was attested by a vote in the Commons of two hundred and sixty-one to forty-two, and in the Lords by an undivided vote. It is charged upon Pitt that he pursued these demonstrations of popular revolt with unnecessary severity, but he was never charged with weakness or hesitation, or with permitting treason to be tampered with. There were times when the hour of England's doom seemed almost to have struck. The war had been kept at a distance by British fleets and the British finances. But at length, in 1797, the Bank of England announced that she could hold out no longer, and was only

saved by obtaining authority from Government to suspend payments. The administration were compelled to face a commercial crisis. The naval forces of France and her allies had increased, and, not discouraged by previous failures, France was arranging to bring into the British Channel sixty-five or seventy ships-of-the-line, to meet which England could concentrate only forty-nine — at the very best, a greatly inferior force. It was at this critical period that a vast conspiracy was organized throughout the English fleet lying in the Channel, and the red flag of mutiny was hoisted at every mast-head. With a hesitating or weak character at the head of administration, how could England have been saved? It was found that this unexpected revolt was the result of real grievances, and those grievances were promptly and kindly redressed. The men were bound anew to their flag by gratitude for justice promptly and gracefully rendered. The settlement of this difficulty was but the preface to another. The fleet at the Nore soon broke out into mutiny, and they were joined by all except three of the vessels of the blockading squadron stationed off the Texel. These mutinous ships drew themselves up in order of battle across the Thames, and organized a floating republic. England never saw a darker hour. Consternation pervaded all ranks, and the government was feared to be on the point of dissolution. But on this occasion, as on others, Pitt proved himself equal to the emergency. He had already done what he deemed proper for the redress of grievances. It was now, in his opinion, a question of discipline, admitting to government no middle course; it must conquer or die. Fox was inclined to turn public disaster to political account; but Sheridan exclaimed: *'Shall we yield to mutinous sailors? Never; for in one moment we would extinguish three centuries of glory.'*

A chain of gun-boats was sunk across the river to prevent the approach of the mutineers; the shores were armed and fortified, and all communication with the shore cut off. Red-hot balls were kept in constant readiness, and a hundred pieces of cannon were trained to bear upon them at the first signal of hostility on their part. Meanwhile the seeds of division were diligently sown among the mutineers; the urgent persuasions of their comrades of the Channel fleet were allowed to make head with them; and, in something more than a month, the mutiny was disbanded, the red flags hauled down. The leaders of the mutiny were tried and executed, and subordination restored. The navy soon redeemed its reputation. Pitt was soon enabled to console himself amid the gloomy portents of the times, and to find a counterpoise to the discouragements with which he was beset, by pointing to the laurels won by British valor at St. Vincent's, at Camperdown, and Aboukir. The names of Jarvis, of Duncan, and of Nelson were ineffaceably inscribed in naval history. The navy, indeed, regenerated and inspired anew by the intrepid character of Pitt and his administration, performed its share of the history of the period from that time out, with uninterrupted glory.

But, great as had been this peril, it was soon followed by another scarcely less imminent. Ireland, always unhappy, was peculiarly alive to the hopes of liberty held out by the advancing spirit of demo-

cracy, and had been ever since the war in a condition bordering upon insurrection. She had been promised assistance from France to throw off the English yoke; but the success of the British navy had rendered such assistance impracticable. The zealous spirits of that unquiet population had nevertheless saved them from discouragement. Their organization, under the name of United Irishmen, was admirably perfected, and they had enrolled in companies and regiments, ready to move at the proper signal, two hundred and fifty thousand men. With the nucleus of a well-disciplined French army, and the aid of a few experienced and scientific generals, their power might have been adequate to declare and sustain their independence. Without such assistance they were still formidable, and determined to try their dangerous experiment. So admirably had their secret been kept, that the British government had no adequate idea of the extent of its danger, until the startling cry of defiance and revolution was heard, and the island was seen to be in a tumult of insurrection. Then followed British troops and British executioners, and the beautiful green of hapless Erin was crimsoned with the welling blood of her children. Oh! it was a dreadful and a mournful sight! The fearful tragedy was at length brought to a close by the slaughter at Vinegar-Hill. Ten thousand trained veterans were compelled to perform their work for many hours, by shooting, cannonading, and charging home upon dense masses of undisciplined but brave and unyielding Irishmen. It were a relief if the recording angel might, by the flow of natural tears, blot out for ever some pages of history!

This Irish insurrection is but an episode in the crowded history of those times. But the number of troops engaged on either side was larger than any army ever engaged in the American revolution, and even in the conquest of Mexico. No American general ever led into battle so large a force as the British government were compelled to hurl against the Irish masses at Vinegar-Hill.

It was with such a state of affairs at home that Pitt carried on his wars abroad. It has been said that he was not a successful war minister, and in that respect he has been unfavorably compared with his father. The case does not admit of a comparison. There was no similarity of circumstances. It was with a country apparently exhausted, in the midst of domestic dissensions, her provinces and fleets in rebellion, her people pale with famine, that he contrived to spare men and money to Europe; to make himself the rallying spirit of the Continent, and his policy the pivot upon which turned the history of the epoch. He rallied the timid and treacherous kings from successive defeats. He found means to disarm their hostility to each other, to bestow upon them immense subsidies, and to bring them back ever again to the work his policy set before them. The equipment of such armaments required sums of money so enormous and so frequent that they border upon the marvellous. The British finances were the spring which fertilized and replenished the Continent. We have seen him take charge of these finances when disordered and in discredit. We have seen him grapple with the difficulties of an enormous national debt, and give the finances so much regularity, so much character, that the debt began

to diminish. It seemed to be the work of an intellectual giant to handle and control that debt; but when war came, he found additional strength, and the old debt he bore up as if it were nothing. He so touched the springs of the national resources that trickling rivulets changed into great rivers, and spread over not only England, but the continent, with never-failing supplies. These financial results, so potent in their influence, were an astonishment and a wonder to all who beheld them. They are no less wonderful, contemplated from the distance of half a century than they seemed to be at the time.

It is idle and nonsensical to claim that certain taxes and loans were not raised upon the most approved principles of political economy. Let it be admitted. The wonder is that they were raised at all. The glory of Pitt as a financier consists in the fact that the money was forthcoming. There is no spectacle more ludicrous and pitiful, more persuasive both to kicks and compassion, than your political economist or philosophic historian, who, bridging his nose with astute spectacles, informs posterity how Napoleon should have manœuvred his army, or how Pitt should have handled his finances. Ye gods, what an infinite and droll variety is mankind!

In addition to bank suspension, commercial crisis, popular discontents, naval mutiny, and provincial revolt, at length came gaunt Famine, and with deathly stare laid her heavy, pulseless, and clammy hand upon the heart of the empire.

It has been stated that at an early period of Pitt's career he had attempted to remodel the commercial relations between England and Ireland, but was defeated. At length, however, he accomplished even more than he had proposed. Under his superintending genius was finally carried the treaty or act of union, so memorable in the history of both countries, but which at the time it occurred was only one of the many important movements in civil and military affairs which served to crowd his life with great events. The discussions upon this subject, both in England and Ireland, were brilliant and stormy, and nothing short of the genius and character of a master-spirit could have conducted them to a successful issue. If the general effects of that union were different from those expected by either of the parties to the discussion, it was only one of the many movements of that period which baffled human sagacity, and helped to impress upon teachable spirits lessons of humility. The friends and foes of the measure expected it to consolidate the government and public feeling of the two islands, and to strengthen the monarchy against the inroads of democratic sentiment. The real effect was to make Ireland look upon herself as more than ever a subjugated nation, and to regard the union as a badge, a public badge of her dishonor. It threw into the British parliament a body of Irish votes always inclined to oppose the ministry and aid democratic measures. The reform bill of 1832 could not have been carried without the Irish vote, and the time is not probably distant when the same vote will turn the scale in favor of a farther extension of the popular suffrage. It may be the means by which that persecuted and mercurial people will retaliate upon English monarchy

the wrongs they have suffered, and re-conquer their liberties by aiding the steady advance of democratic sentiment and popular rights.

It is one of the remarkable aspects of the career of Pitt that, instead of being weakened by public disasters, or driven from power by the calamities which thickened upon the people of England during these most appalling times, his support in parliament was more unanimous and unhesitating; and the darkest hour which England ever saw only found her rallying more closely to the support of her chosen leader. The wisdom of his measures they frequently doubted; the spirit which dictated them never. The unselfish grandeur of his character, his splendid genius, his unfaltering, generous love of country, his uniform solidity and nobleness of aim, were to the English king and people their cloud by day and pillar of fire by night. They read ever in his eye the steady flame of patriotism; they heard ever from his eloquent lips the utterances of a great and heroic purpose. Above all, he was a stranger to despair. The rock-like firmness of his courage was a positive inspiration to the empire. When they doubted his wisdom, or feared the miscarriage of his plans, they looked inquiringly over the nation and at each other, and said, 'Whom, then, can we trust, if not Pitt?'

The king had found, while conducting his wars, more excusable and less dangerous than the present, under the pliable ministry of Lord North, that he gradually became less popular, and ended those wars with a loss of *prestige*, which temporarily unsettled the loyalty of his subjects. Guided by Pitt, who would not bend to him, he found himself, in the midst of disasters, gaining the confidence of his subjects, and recognized affectionately as the father of his people. The spirit of dissension and of revolution was gradually turned into a military channel, and unquiet characters were taught to seek fortune and glory under the national flag.

The primary object of Pitt's wars was therefore gained. However those wars might terminate in other respects, the great point of his policy was won. No matter how adverse the result of the battles fought by his generals abroad, *his* battle of battles for the safety of the British constitution, to which all other battles were subsidiary, was no longer doubtful. The people of England were no longer moved by the appeals of French democracy, but the two nations found themselves face to face, reviving traditional animosities, and anxious to measure strength under arms. Applying military language to civil affairs, the flank of the revolution had been turned and its retreat cut off. In the region of public sentiment Pitt had played upon the revolution, with equally decisive results, the strategy which Napoleon brought to bear upon the Austrians at Marengo and at Ulm. Careless observers looking to Pitt's wars see only a nation in the process of exhaustion, sinking with a steady descent under a series of reverses. But the clear eye of Pitt saw the brighter aspects; his heart warmed to behold the toppling structure of British society reassuming its wonted stability, and the honored battlements of the constitution gradually emerging into a clear and serene sky. These services and anxieties were, however, wearing upon his constitution, originally feeble; and a resort to artificial stimu-

lants, while it served to disguise the fact, could not change its ultimate significance.

Pitt's habits were somewhat solitary. He never married. His manners are generally described as distant and haughty; but within the small circle of his chosen and confidential friends, he delighted to unbend from his labors, and enjoy convivial pleasures and frolics.

When it was known that he had risen to speak in the House of Commons the fact was telegraphed from mouth to mouth, and a rush was made to the scene. It was an event in a man's life to hear Pitt.

An eccentric Scotch member, by the name of Ferguson, was one day dining with a company of friends in a coffee-room, when some one ran in to tell them that Mr. Pitt was on his legs. Every one prepared to leave the table except Ferguson, who remained quietly seated.

'What!' said they, 'won't you go to hear Mr. Pitt?' 'No,' he replied; 'why should I? Do you think Mr. Pitt would go to hear me?' 'But indeed I would,' said Pitt, when the circumstance was told him.

After debate Pitt used generally to sup with the Speaker, and frequently meet there one or two friends. On those occasions, when the Speaker (his friend Addington) thought wine enough had been drank, he was apt to say, 'Now, Pitt, you shall not have another drop.' But Pitt would become importunate, promising, if a fresh bottle were brought, he would only take one glass. His eloquence would sometimes prevail, and the ayes had it. But, this accomplished, his promise of abstinence was not long remembered. One night a toll-gate keeper in the neighborhood of London was roused from his slumbers by the rapid approach of three horsemen, who galloped on, the gate being open, without paying toll. Numerous robberies having been recently committed in the neighborhood, the gate-keeper discharged his blunderbuss after them, but without effect. They were Pitt, Thurlow, and Dundas, who had been out dining late with a friend. The prime-minister, lord-chancellor, and treasurer of the navy successfully ran the toll-gate.

But Pitt, except on one occasion, never was known to drink too freely while any thing of the day's labors remained unfinished. He had been sitting under a personal attack, and, during an interruption of the debate, retired with Dundas to dine. When he returned and made his reply, it was evident he had taken too much wine. 'It gave me,' said the assistant-clerk of the House, 'a violent head-ache.' On this being repeated to Pitt, he said he thought it was an excellent arrangement that *he* 'should have the wine, and the clerk the head-ache.' Pitt's conversational powers are described as remarkably attractive, and it was from conversation that he must have derived a large portion of his extensive information. His wit cannot easily be transferred to paper, and most attempts to transfer it have proved failures. But on some occasions it was quite sufficiently caustic. On one occasion he was requested to give assurances that a certain regiment of volunteers about to be raised should not be sent out of the kingdom. 'It certainly never shall,' said he, 'except in case of invasion.' Whether the regiment derived any comfort from the fact that the prime-minister would

consent to send them away from him only in case of an event which would render the presence of cowards intolerable is left to inference.

The style of his oratory can only be ascertained from tradition. The published reports of his speeches give no adequate conception of it. They give those statistical and argumentative portions which might as well be in the style of one man as another, with an approach to verbal accuracy; but those fine sallies and characteristic retorts for which he was celebrated, and the manner of which most distinguish one orator from another are for the most part noticed in parenthesis, with such remarks as these: 'Here Mr. Pitt made a splendid appeal;' 'here Mr. Pitt showed up the fallacy of Mr. Fox's arguments by a great variety of illustrations;' 'here Mr. Pitt ridiculed the argument of the opposite side,' and the like. One is under much the same obligations to such a reporter as he would be to an artist who, in attempting to preserve the lineaments of a beloved object, should omit the most distinguishing features, and write in their place, 'Here were the eyes, here was the nose, here was the mouth.' But it is well authenticated that his method of arranging his thoughts was remarkable for its clearness and perspicacity. In arguing a question, it was not his habit to be satisfied with presenting its outlines and strong points, but to exhaust it by presenting it in all possible aspects, and by considering and refuting in detail all objections he could imagine likely to be entertained against his opinions. His bearing in debate is most commonly represented as austere, and his wit of a dry, unsympathizing, and sarcastic quality. Neither his person nor his manners were at all graceful, and the inference has been common that his temper was cold and over-bearing. It must, however, be remembered that his situation always required deep earnestness, and that every step was pregnant with consequences of a serious character. In such situations men of all temperaments are apt to incur the same charge. Among his private and intimate acquaintances his disposition was regarded as warm and generous.

You frequently find in the published memoirs and diaries of his contemporaries, remarks written under the impulse of current events, which characterize him in terms sufficiently ardent, and such as were never inspired by a cold and impassive nature. They speak of the 'noble-hearted Pitt,' of his 'out-doing himself,' of his 'holding and subduing his audience,' and in the various language of warm sympathy and admiration. It is one of the penalties of such a position that its occupant must hold his emotional nature strictly under control. He who would command others must first learn to command himself. And it requires little experience to disgust an honest and ingenuous character with those cheap demonstrations on the part of public men which so often pass for sentiment. It is a strong evidence in Pitt's favor that he never resorted to the common arts of a cheap popularity, but reserved his public exhibitions of feeling for those occasions where it was necessary to elevate the nation to the height of some great argument, and then he knew how to reach the profoundest depths of public feeling, and lead its impulses as no one could who was not himself a man of feeling.

T H E R E T U R N O F S U M M E R .

I.

OH! what glory returns with the summer
To our distant and dreary clime,
When the SUN, like a king in his robes of honor,
Rides out to his borders, in state sublime;
Spreading, with plentiful, out-stretched hand,
Bounty and radiance through the land!

II.

Such a court never monarch attended,
As waits on the emperor SUN:
In the air sweet sounds and perfumes are blended;
Rich emerald carpets before him run;
And on every hand is his presence told
By his royal colors, the green and gold.

III.

What a loyalty follows his march!
What a fervor the life-blood stirs!
Every hoary wood waves a triumphal arch,
The mountains are gay with the bloomy furze:
Wonderful miracles now are rife:
The old dry bones are restored to life!

IV.

All is happiness, romance, and mirth,
And filled is each heart's desire;
Large-eyed WONDER inspires the children of earth;
HOPE beckons us boldly to look still higher:
All beauty and grandeur now possible seem —
The fairest and wildest of which we dream.

V.

Fair CATHAY, in the distant Pacific,
Draws no fervid-brained roamer now:
Her palms, and her gems, and her beasts terrific,
Her coral and pearl, and her fruit-laden bough,
All an empty pageantry now appear;
Her throne is deserted — the KING is here!

VI.

But the monarch, alas! must depart;
The magician's bright wand must fall:
Then will chilliness creep on the confident heart,
And pleasure and light-hearted gayety pall:
Then lifeless will drop the old dry bones,
And beauty abandon the sticks and stones!

J. W.

SWITZERLAND : ON THE ROAD.

BY ROBERT M. RICHARDSON.

STAGE EFFECTS.

THE wind had wafted westerly. The mists had joined the clouds. Endymion's guardian looked down softly upon us. Occasional torrents were seen sweeping on the right, looking chill and wild. The frozen effulgence of the mighty glaciers, indeed, does not belong to the scenery of this section of Helvetia ; but the lowlands (if any thing can be called low in a country two thousand feet above the sea) have a pastoral beauty all their own.

Reader, have you ever been in FATHERLAND ? If you have, you know the German affection of *aerophobia* : if you have not, you have at least heard of it. When at sea, in the dead hour of night, a cry is raised, 'The ship has struck !' and all hands dart for dear life to the pumps, so — with like unanimity — did our passengers betake themselves to repairing this leak of air, as the first gust startled the smoke-clouds.

SLAM ! — and we were air-tight — 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' once more. 'Nein ! nein !' exclaimed the voice of the old Hun, coming forth Lazarus-like, after much German adjuration.

'Mein herr ! are you mad ?' cried the Prussian.

'Or drunk ?' interrogated the Pole.

'Mein herren,' observed the Bull, in a voice pitched high above the note of pleasure, 'other considerations apart, does not one come to Switzerland to enjoy the scenery ? Here now we can see nothing. I tell you, the moon is up, and I should not be surprised if we are at this moment passing one of the most magnificent *coups d'œil* in Europe. I tell you —'

'Bah !' grunted the monster, whose 'bah !' possessed that 'deep damnation' which strikes confusion to the stoutest heart. A dismal curl of scorn on every lip was the only other reply to the eloquent appeal. The Frenchman's face was radiant with gleaming malice.

'But I beg to inquire, what object is gained by boxing ourselves up like a cage of animals ?'

'*Potstauz-z-zend !* it keeps out the fleas,' suggested the romantic Prussian, buzzing forth a simoon of smoke.

'Is this also your advice, *monsieur* ?' asked Bull, striking his repeater sharply at the Frank.

'*Mon cher, soyez en repos ; vous tirez toujours le diable par le queue.* I do not profess to be the oracles of Dodona ; but since you favor us with so excellent an exposition of the purposes of travelling, I will, with permission of these worthy gentlemen, (a pathetic and comprehensive bow,) give you in return my own opinions, which the company will do me the honor to take for what they are worth. The travelling muse, *monsieur*, whoever she may be, is one of quite modern creation. Since

her culture commenced, I believe the proper objects of travelling to be greatly perverted and misunderstood. *Formerly*, when scenery was the same and cities were less — recollect, it was 'men and cities;' (I give you the authority of no less a poet than Homer and the example of no less a tourist than Ulysses;) it was 'men and cities,' I repeat, which men set forth from their homes to behold. But, at present, on the contrary, when the picturesque is invaded, and in a measure destroyed by the growth of cities and civilization, we find that nothing but landscapes and ruins, lakes and mountains can meet the predilections of our generation. Why, I ask is this? Once, tourists were men of sense; whether gleaners of pleasure or seekers of information. Why is it they are now degenerated into a herd of 'melancholy Jacques?' It was Bacon who once set forth the purposes of foreign travel; but the Bacon now in vogue among the Messieurs Anglaises is Byron. Your red guide-books are your books of fate; and because Murray avers that 'this scene' or 'that cascade' '*must be admired*,' you will bestir yourself for weary leagues to gape with deep-mouthed bathos over ruins that chill you or scenery which inspires *ennui*. The red guide-book is an *ukase* of assery; and I never see it without repeating the proverb of the sage Venetian, *Guardati de colui che non ha letto che un libro solo* — Beware of him who reads but one book. Was it for this that Voltaire went abroad — or Peter the Great — or Sévigné — or Le Sage — or Tavernier — or Télémaque — or the duc de Richelieu? No, *parbleu!* for they were *men of sense*. To Göthe, Chateaubriand, and Rousseau, belongs the distinction of giving the first impulse to this vagrant *folie*: and your Byron, assuming it at second hand, has sublimated it into a fanaticism. Not that Byron was so *beté* himself. Did *he* travel for scenery? Read his life in Italy. But he has made *les messieurs Anglais* moon-calves and misanthropes. A new satire yet remains to be written against this picturesque knight-errantry. You chevaliers of the guide-book are no better than the hero of Cervantes. And this is in the nineteenth century! Allow me to suggest, Monsieur, that the age for such *maïseries* is past.

So ended this remarkable homily. Despite of the oratorical fault of *longuer*, it was received with marked approbation by all except the individual for whose benefit it was delivered. Bull diverted himself during its continuance by executing the devil's tattoo on the window, accompanied with a select performance on his repeater.

'All very fine, no doubt!' quoth he; 'but, gentlemen, I tell you I have travelled some in my time — by *schnellpost*, *char-à-banc*, *eil-wagon* and mule-back. I tell you I am an old roadster, too; but I have yet to learn by what right a gentleman on his travels is to be asphyxiated in a fog of tobacco.'

'*Par le droit du plus fort, ma foi*,' hinted the vindictive Frank.

'Bah!' growled the Prussian, '*mein herr* should travel by daylight.'

'Sir,' retorted the ferocious Bull, 'I appeal to common-sense.'

'It is not every one can have common-sense who desires it,' broke in the other.

'There is a certain set of ideas which none but an English head can conceive,' added the lecturer, by way of corollary.

‘But, *mein herren*, I have a large Danish dog strapped on the outside——’

‘*Mille tonnerres!* do you threaten us?’ roared a chorus of voices.

‘Not at all, but I should like to hear him bark.’

‘Then you had better keep him company,’ advised the guttural old monster, lighting a new pipe with an intimidating frown.

‘In fine, Monsieur, the window *cannot* be opened, but the door may; that is our *ultimatum*,’ asserted the Pole diplomatically and decisively from behind a cloud.

So the advocate of oxygen was compelled to come to order. The poor fellow turned himself into an impossible attitude and was soon engaged in paying his desperate addresses to Mrs. Morpheus. But the bosom of the unfeeling coquette seemed obdurate to his advances. ‘T was of no use. Presently, I noticed him languishing into life anew, with a stealthy glance at his suffocators, who were all composing themselves into a *bonâ-fide* state of somnolency, with the fumes of their never-abdicated *meerschauums* rushing and curling at each stertorous impulse over their well-furred features. That bright dream was the last. The hope of the Briton, as well as the nap of the Saxon, the next moment was in the realm of chimeras: for the last time, the window of contention opened wide upon the fogs of fatality.

‘God’s thunder-weather!’ thundered the old monster, muffling himself in a double allowance of capes and clouds, and protruding his pitiless hand.

‘I presume you prefer the devil’s brimstone-weather, *cochon!*’ retorted Bull, in a murderous voice, and bouncing with excitement. ‘Here — the windows down — this lung-devouring miasma — Sir — I have — breathed — in hospitals.’ Here he was gagged with a thick cough.

‘And I, in battles!’ rejoined the fiery Hun.

‘Not so thick as the smoke of Talavera!’ suggested the Pole, playing with his cross of the Legion of Honor.

‘Nor Hohenlinden!’ puffed the monster.

‘Nor Jena!’ supplied the Prussian.

‘Nor Mont Saint-Jean!’ added the Frenchman, with a face revelling in smiles.

‘And, with your pockets full of bullets and knives, are you afraid of smoke?’ inquired the Prussian, derisively.

‘The brave man dies but once. I refuse to expire by inches. I shall call on the conductor.’

‘*Au diable le conducteur!*’ swore the Pole. ‘Please to bear in mind Monsieur, that you are in the society of gentlemen, and if you have an appeal to make, it must be made to them. Do you refuse? then I will act for you. It is time to cease your *fredaines*, and to put this question at rest. ‘*Mein herr*,’ addressing himself to the monster, ‘what have you to say?’

‘Say! I have to say, POTSTAU-Z-Z-SEND!’ buzzed the Austrian, shooting forth a volume which enveloped him like an ancient demi-god.

‘I refer the case to you, *mein herr*.’

The only answer of the Prussian was an absolute retirement into invisibility : the top of Mount Pilatus was never more obscure.

'And you, Monsieur. Does our smoke inconvenience you?'

‘Monsieur,’ responded the *cosmopolite*, bowing with grave composure, ‘*un Français comme il faut* allows nothing to incommode him.’

Thus, *il tombait de Caisphe à Pilate*. The anguish of the doomed Bull was a sight to have softened a Herod. The side-squint fled. His fat, frightened face seemed to turn all colors at once. Tears of vexation and tobacco sprang to his eyes. ‘I will not endure it, d——n my eyes if I do!—no, not for all the pipes in heathendom! ——! ——! ——! ——! ——! ——! ——! ——!’

The peroration of curses which rang in after this bold *exordium*, would consume any thing less than a triple-steeled pen which should attempt to indite them. A regular sinew-wrenching, spine-twisting, joint-snapping, neck-breaking, shin-barking tussle ensued ; in the course of which I was only able to discern that the fatal window was now up and now down, like sheet-lightning, or a saw-mill ; until at length the pane was dashed to pieces by an irruption of the heels of the strangled Briton, which, after infinite contortions of the body and limbs of their wearer, had somehow attained this altitude, though whether by design or accident, I am unable to decide.

There is a story of an old gentleman who went a-swimming, and kept afloat with such excessive difficulty that when a blue-bottle fly came and settled upon his bald head, it sufficed to sink him. Very similar was the predicament of our Bull. This last mishap was his doom.

With one acclaim — unanimous as the universal hiss of Milton's devils — the roar arose, (now quite *al fresco*,) 'Out with him! à bas l'Anglais, to keep company with his dog!' And out he went; lighting full six feet from the body of the eil-wagen in the road. Thence, after a reasonable pause, during which the postillion awaited his resuscitation, to beg him to 'remember the *pour-boire*,' the Bull was transferred *en haut*, to the very pinnacle of our great establishment. There they perched, master and dog, immediately in the rear of our honest friends, the conductor, driver, and postillions, whose travelling-pipes were never plucked from their lips, except to emit a noise of 'Yaw! yaw!' The Bull, grasping at the slippery handles of the luggage, occasionally jolted half off from this precarious tenure, or fortifying his position by laying hold on the collar of his canine friend; who, at such moments, would make night hideous with his disconsolate howls.

'*Potstaussend!*' gasped the panting Prussian, sinking down upon the shattered fragments of his pipe.

'*Monsieur,*' exclaimed the radiant Frenchman, 'I esteem you. I do not embrace you, for you are too warm ; but I offer you my friendship.'

The Pole looked an *'Io Pean!'* and the Austrian grinned an assassin-smile. His cloak was badly torn, and his neckcloth-knot was twisted in the scuffle under one ear, so that, phiz included, he looked as if he was going to be hung.

A contribution of clothing was taken up to stop the intrusive air through the shattered window. The scene presented, during the brief remainder of the night, was one which would have been worth a fortune to the incomparable BROUWER, had he chanced to behold it.

It was grizzly day-light when we alighted at the 'Hotel of the Three Kings' at Bâle. On looking above, I discovered that the Bull and his dog were missing; whither they vanished, I have never learned. Two hours later, and we were all busy rummaging among Hans Holbein's pictures, the museum, the cathedral, the monuments: a day's work.

T O M Y M O T H E R .

BY STEPHEN C. MASSETT.

My Mother! canst thou see me now,
 From the far-off fields of light?
 Canst thou in spirit come again,
 And bless me with the sight?
 Oh! I can see *thee*, when these eyes
 Are closed in balmy sleep,
 And, revelling in happy dreams,
 We sweet communion keep!

Years, years have passed, and life to me
 Has been but as a dream;
 Yet often have I yearned for thee,
 As, sailing down its stream,
 Fond MEMORY brings thee back again,
 As thou wert once to me,
 When nestled in thy arms I lay,
 Or crept upon thy knee!

And when I saw thee in that sleep
 From which there is no waking,
 And felt, as then I gazed on thee,
 My very heart was breaking:
 Oh! can it be that in that land
 Where there is no more pain,
 We may *once more* united be,
 Never to part again?

And shall we meet as we have met,
 And be as we have been;
 And shall I see thee smile on me,
 As I have sometimes seen?
 O God! if this it is to meet
 In Heaven's own land of light,
 Illume my path, direct my feet,
 And guide my steps aright!

San-Francisco, 1854.

VOL. XLIV.

4

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.

KITTY IN THE COUNTRY

WHAT are benefits? what is constancy, or merit? One curl of a girl's ringlet, one hair of a whisker, (one good chance for money,) will turn the scale against them all in a minute.'

VANITY FAIR.

SUN-SHINE is upon the old BODGERS house, of Newtown; healthful, gay, cheery sun-shine. The air of mourning that lay upon the dead man's home is gone. The closed blinds are flung wide open. The front gates, where the old gardener had driven fastenings above the latch, are ajar half the day. The paths where the 'Squire, in his brown surtout, walked back and forth, are newly trimmed; and the sturdy hollyhocks are all alive with bees and blossoms. The vines that clamber over the porch are trimmed as they were never trimmed before; and the humming-birds which once darted around the trumpet-flowers fearlessly, are frightened away by a wee chorus of voices which comes from the little parlor of the late 'Squire BODGERS.

KITTY FLEMING, with a pretty look of importance, directs the chorus. She plays the mistress charmingly. Mrs. FLEMING and the house-keeper, after an amiable womanly quarrel, have come to terms. I doubt, however, if they continue to agree. Two house-keepers in the same house, never did agree; and it is my opinion that they never will.

Indeed, Mrs. DYKE (for that was the house-keeper's name) was not the person to live without a brush with any body; least of all, with a rival. She had grown old, and bent over, in the BODGERS service. There was not a boy of any butcher's or baker's shop in Newtown, but had some time felt her pitiless, sharp tongue. The old 'Squire himself had winced under it, often. I think he would have changed his house-keeper—if he had dared. I think he would have forbidden the periodic house-cleaning of Mrs. DYKE—if he had dared. I think he would have rooted up some of her patches of thyme, and chamomile, and sage, and sweet balm, in the garden—if he had dared. I think he would have dined on pot-luck less often—if he had dared.

Your town house-keeper is altogether a different body; but your notable, weazen-faced, country house-keeper, who keeps bags of herbs in the garret, and a pet cat, and dresses in bombazine, and is for ever sweeping and dusting, and has money in the bank, and a taste for garlic, is a very terrible creature.

Mrs. DYKE retained her little back-room in the BODGERS house, by a

kind of prescriptive right. To remove Mrs. DYKE would have been as strange and unprecedented, as to remove the front porch, or the garden-fence. Sometimes her sharp tongue is heard be-rating the little flock of Miss KITTY, for tracking the clean hall with their muddied feet; and sometimes she falls into serious altercation with meek Mrs. FLEMING, who has expressed a wish for veal cutlets when she, the house-keeper, has decided upon a re-hash of yesterday's beef.

KITTY, however, like the bit of sun-shine that she is, brightens the clouded faces of the older ones; and, by a compromise in the dinner-tactics, and a generous yielding to an occasional dish of the old lady's chamomile tea, she preserves peace in the household.

Miss JEMIMA, too, makes a visit to Newtown, and is delighted with the ruddy faces of the little girls who flock at morning to the old BODGERS parlor; and she is charmed with the walks in the wood which KITTY had written of; and they gather flowers together; and JEMIMA seems to grow young again — forgetting BLIMMER and making wood-land sonnets, and writing home to BRIDGET a letter full of pastoral narrative and of that 'dear, good, old lady, Mrs. FLEMING.'

There is a bright-eyed scholar among those who come every morning between the hollyhock blossoms that skirt the front path to the BODGERS door, to whom KITTY's heart cleaves more lovingly (if she has *any* partialities) than to the rest. Her name is BESSY FLINT. It may be, because she is an orphan, and so has few to care for her: it may be that she is so gentle, and her face so fair and winning; it may be that her name recalls pleasant memories to her, of the companions of her own school age: in short, there may be many reasons, and doubtless are, why KITTY seems nearer to BESSIE FLINT than to others who come and go, every day, between the hollyhock blossoms.

Among other matters, this same dimple-cheeked BESSIE is learning the management of a pen; and as she makes advances, day after day, she undertakes childish letters to a certain brother of hers, who is far away across seas. And naturally enough, the teacher, so kind in other things, will help forward BESSIE in her letter; rounding the capitals, and putting in stops and semi-colons, and half-inclined to cross out altogether a period in which the prattling sister tells what mistress she has, and how she is 'ever so kind.'

Through the same pleasant medium, KITTY learns what sickness has fallen upon HARRY FLINT; and she shares, with a tender sympathy, the childish solicitude that hangs over the sister's face when she speaks of it. But to the old aunt, who stands in the place of a mother to BESSIE, she never shows this; but asks, only in the reserved and quiet way in which any friend might ask, after the fortunes of her old townsman.

Beside, it is noised in the village, (and I fear Mrs. FLEMING may have kept it astir,) that KITTY's winter in the town was a winter of conquest; and there are hints about the young Mr. QUID who has made such a kind disposal of the old BODGERS mansion; and people mention him slyly to KITTY, as if — something were brewing. And Mrs. FLEMING looks very conscious when his name is mentioned; indulging her motherly pride thereby, to the great vexation of KITTY herself.

I think Mrs. FLEMING was rash and unreasonable in her anticipations

The QUIDS may have done her a kindness in giving her the rental of the old BODGERS House; they doubtless had their own reasons for conciliating the relatives of the deceased 'Squire. It is certain that they slipped quietly and modestly into enjoyment of the estate, to the great advantage of their social position in town. ADOLPHE was often in the SPINDLE pew of Dr. MUDDLETON's church. Mrs. FUDGE's eyes and heart were often turned that way. I may say the same of WILHELMINA, notwithstanding the continued earnestness of the Count SALLE. ADOLPHE drove a very fast trotter, called MARY TAYLOR, and was a star at *matinées*. He might be said to occupy a position that allowed him to look down upon the FUDGES: he might be said, by his partial friends, to occupy almost the same level with the PINKERTONS. I do not think the PINKERTONS would allow it; still, they received him. ARABELLA SPINDLE, who was eight-and-twenty, rode with him upon the avenue; and worked ADOLPHE in floss silk upon a bit of paste-board: it was a book-mark: the book-mark became Mr. QUID's.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be supposed that the newly-rich and admired young gentleman should bestow many thoughts upon such country people as the FLEMINGS. He certainly did not; and he had been known to make such wanton mention of the ruddy color in KITTY's face, as would have terribly shocked the old lady, her mamma, and, I am sure, brought an indignant tear into the eye of Miss KITTY herself.

Circumstances, however, made a sudden change in this disposition of affairs. I have already mentioned a communication extended by the diplomatic Mr. BLIMMER toward the complacent QUID. I need hardly say that this communication was the source of great uneasiness to the gentleman to whom it was addressed.

The first thought, indeed, of Mr. QUID had taken a singularly shrewd direction, and he indulged the belief that Mr. BLIMMER was 'playing gammon,' in order to quicken his payments on the Blimmerville land account. In short, he did not believe that BLIMMER was honest in his statements that he had merely consigned to him a copy, and not the will itself.

To make himself sure, he made some investigations respecting the hand-writing of the late Mr. BODGERS; he even, in virtue of possessing himself of some letters of the deceased gentleman, made the comparison: it was not favorable; there certainly seemed to be a difference: the assertion of Mr. BLIMMER appeared plausible: there was too much reason to believe that the instrument he held in his keeping was indeed a copy, and a copy only, of the real BODGERS will.

In view of the disparity of the signatures, it seemed to him the most natural thing in the world, that the cautious Mr. BLIMMER should have acted as he professed to have done. To quarrel with him would be dangerous. Some new scheme must be set on foot. That scheme speedily suggested itself to the ambitious mind of Mr. QUID. It was a capital one; and if effective, would utterly over-reach the designing BLIMMER.

Young Mr. QUID is called into consultation. The father explains to him with parental anxiety the difficulties of their position, and the

deceit practised upon them by the proprietor of the Blimmer'sville estates.

'There is one way,' pursued the old gentleman, 'of getting out of the scrape, ADOLPHUS.'

ADOLPHUS listens eagerly.

'It depends upon you, ADOLPHUS.'

ADOLPHUS looks surprised.

'My son, you must marry KITTY FLEMING!' and the old gentleman speaks (as fathers are apt to speak in such circumstances) as if the self-denial involved in the sacrifice, would be altogether on the son's part. A jury of the lady-admirers of the expectant ADOLPHUS, would, I am sure, have entertained the same opinion.

ADOLPHUS said — what I shall not write down.

'But she is pretty,' urged the old gentleman.

'Countrified!' said ADOLPHUS; 'no style!'

'Yet you paid her some attentions,' said the old gentleman.

'Of course,' said ADOLPHUS, 'just the piece; simple, innocent; but LORD! — Mrs. ADOLPHUS QUID!'

And the young man walked up and down in an excited state. Meantime, the old gentleman unrolled the title-deeds, made a quiet show of the bonds and mortgages: a very charming array, indeed.

The result was, the young man thought better of the matter: he said he would marry her.

That very day, the fast trotter was driven to Newtown; that very evening, a brilliant town bouquet adorned the best vase in Mrs. FLEMING's little stock of porcelain. The old lady was charmed, delighted; she knew how it would be: trust her in such matters! Such disinterestedness! such generosity!

And not only that day, but very often thereafter, the ostler of the Newtown inn had the grooming of the fast MARY TAYLOR. And MEHITABLE BRIVINS looked more sourly than ever across the country-church; and the city-friends wondered where ADOLPHE could go so often, and feared he might be given to racing, and dinners at SNE-DIKER'S.

KITTY herself, with her kind heart easily warmed into gratitude, schools herself to think well of one who has given her old mother a home, and whom her old mother likes. It may be, too, that her thought wanders somewhat in school-hours to the elegant gentleman, whom all the little scholars admire so much; it may be that a certain pride, which belongs in a measure to all of us, is lighted up with the thought of drawing away from the town, and the belles of the town, one who is caressed and fêted (as she learns through JEMIMA's letters) by the 'very best people.'

And, judging in her innocent way, (the very innocence that prompted young Quid's agreeable flirtation,) she cannot mistake his views in these frequent visits, and in these renewed *cadeaux* of flowers. Or if she were unsuspicious, is not the doting old mother there at her elbow to put her right, and to tell her every day how proud she is of her conquest?

It is not strange, then, that KITTY falls to thinking in the twilight

hours — if he would be always kind, and gentle, and good to her good mamma; and then comes up that more serious question, whether she does really, truly, honestly love him, as a wife should love a husband?

And then, she says, (for he has not spoken yet of marriage,) 'how silly! who knows what he means, or if he means it? who knows if

In short, she must not think of it; she *will* not think of it, or, if she does, she doesn't know as yet what to think. Perhaps she might; perhaps she might not. Who knows? not she, as yet: nor I.

The whole village talk of the matter: little BESSIE sees it with her girl's eyes, and writes, all girlishly, to her good brother, (just picking up from his western fever,) how Miss KITTY 'is to marry an elegant young man; and so rich, too; and she, for her part, is glad of it; for KITTY deserves it all; and such elegant flowers as the girls see in the old house; and how she is not made too proud by it, but loves them all as much as ever.'

'I wish you come back to the wedding, HARRY; and then you would be grooms-man, perhaps.'

Old Mrs. DYKE, alone of all the household, sneers at young Mr. QUID; the truth is, such old ladies are very tenacious of their dignity, and have no idea of being treated as servants; beside which, Mr. QUID has laughed obstreperously at the mention of her chamomile tea. Indeed, she calls him, in one of her periodic quarrels with Mrs. FLEMING, a 'city dandy;' whereat the widow reddens, and retorts upon the housekeeper keenly. Mrs. DYKE grows more inflamed, and says he has no more right to the BODGERS' property than she has herself; and, what's more, she can prove it.'

What can Mrs. DYKE mean?

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO.

IN WHICH TWO EVENTS OF IMPORTANCE TAKE PLACE.

'The world is apt to stick close to those who have lived and got wealth there.'—WM. PENN.

'If thy estate be good, match near home, and at leisure; if weak, far off, and quickly.'—LORD BURLEIGH.

On a certain fine morning, not long after the events last spoken of, there arrived at the port of New-York, per steamer, our young cousin, MR. WASHINGTON FUDGE, accompanied by the so-called Countess de GUERLIN.

The two names were in close juxtaposition in the paper which announced their arrival. This fact excited not a little invidious remark. Mrs. SOLOMON received her son in a rapturous manner: WILHELMINA even was warmed for the time with a little natural expression of feeling. My uncle SOLOMON was calm, but extended a hearty welcome. I cannot say that he was altogether satisfied with the jaunty Parisian air of my cousin WASH., or that he did not, after bed-time, hint his misgivings to PHOEBE, and express a fear lest he might not show a

good aptitude for business. He more than suspected, indeed, that he had no inclination that way.

My aunt PHŒBE thought that he had ; and, what was more, that he had shown it. And thereupon she commented in her rapid manner upon the generous and energetic way in which WASHINGTON had seconded the undoubted claims of their new cousin, the Countess.

‘O LORD!’ said SOLOMON.

My aunt PHŒBE was indignant to find how little pride Mr. FUDGE was disposed to show in WASHINGTON ; and, in her indignation, she acquitted herself of a little commission which she had undertaken on the part of the son ; which was, to break quietly to the old gentleman the late difficulty, by which the dear boy had been compelled to make a new and considerable draft upon his father.

‘Yes, he understands making drafts,’ said SOLOMON.

‘And large ones, too,’ said PHŒBE, tartly.

‘How much is it now?’ said SOLOMON.

‘Four thousand dollars,’ said PHŒBE.

‘Four thousand dollars!’ said the old gentleman, in amazement.

I think the old lady was softened by his anxious tone. ‘Remember,’ said she, ‘SOLY, that it was a matter of life and death with him.’

‘Life and fiddlesticks,’ said SOLOMON.

‘For shame, Mr. FUDGE!’

‘For shame, *Mrs. FUDGE*,’ retorted SOLOMON, angrily. ‘Have you not been encouraging the boy in all sorts of foppery, recommending Parisian society, till he comes back, good for nothing, with a strange woman at his heels, on whose account he has been drawing on me for a matter of five thousand dollars! A devilish pretty society that is, madam! I suppose it will be the same thing with Miss WILHE. and her ‘society.’ In my opinion, she had much better be looking out for a sensible husband, who can support her with his business, than to be coquetting with your SPINDLES and Counts.’

‘Shame on you, Mr. FUDGE!’ said PHŒBE again.

‘Yes, I know,’ said SOLOMON, ‘and I’m a vulgar man, and all that, I suppose ; but let me tell you, madame, if you mean to get any profit out of your ‘position,’ as you call it, you must do it soon ; for, unless things take a turn within a month, you and I, PHŒBE, must — budge!’

‘Budge, SOLOMON?’

‘Budge! quit! give up the Avenue, and the house, and the coach, and society!’

There was an earnestness in the old gentleman’s tone, which gave assurance of his truth ; and I think Mrs. FUDGE was subdued into one of those conjugal kisses which, at rare intervals in her life, brought to mind the old and very brief days of their sentiment.

But the hint of my uncle SOLOMON in regard to the improvement of her present ‘position’ was not lost upon Mrs. FUDGE. She took an early occasion of calling upon the Countess de GUERLIN. She found her, as might have been expected, a brilliant and most engaging woman. In consort with WILHELMINA, she compared her with Mrs. PINKERTON and Mrs. SPINDLE, who both lost sensibly by the contrast.

These ladies, on the other hand, getting wind of the arrival of the Countess, regretted that she should have fallen into the hands of 'so very vulgar people,' and should carry away such 'very false impressions of American society.'

The same remarks are usual with respect to every foreigner of title of whom I ever had the honor to hear. There never was one, I think, who, in the opinion of all, saw the 'very cream' of society. My own opinion is, however, that the cream of American society is mostly milk; by which I mean that what there is good in it is pretty evenly distributed throughout the mass, and is quite as apt to be found floating mid-way as in the froth that swims at the top.

The Countess, notwithstanding the hands she was in, was sought after. Mrs. FUDGE and WILHELMINA were sought after at the same time. Mrs. FUDGE, of course, determined upon giving her a grand party. Uncle SOLOMON protested, insisting that there might be some flaw in the woman's character; he did think it looked oddly to take such a trip, even in the company of his son. Madame FUDGE insisted (for WASHINGTON had informed her) that it was the French way.

'Then all I have to say is, madame,' said SOLOMON, tartly, 'it's a d——d odd way!'

WASHINGTON figured grandly at the party; he introduced a new dance with variations, which he had learned at the Ranelagh. The PINKERTONS were present, and were affable with the Countess; they even encouraged WASHINGTON to converse with them. JEMIMA was invited, as being a good French scholar, and she subsequently arranged a *conversazione* for the Countess, at her mother's small house. The Countess was not proud, and appeared amiable at the *conversazione*, to the great delight of BRIDGET and of the old lady, her mother.

Mrs. FUDGE had not forgotten the cruel hint of SOLOMON, about the improvement of their present position. She had held a private conversation with WILHELMINA on the subject, in the course of which she had made known the embarrassed position of her father's affairs; she had urged that young lady to make hay while the sun was shining — in other words, to carry young SPINDLE, if it were possible, by a *coup de main*.

WILHELMINA devoted herself for 'the greater part of the evening to the execution of this task; she made extraordinary conversational ventures; but, failing in the end, revenged herself by a spirited flirtation with the Count SALLE, who was there, brilliant as ever, and, it was remarked afterward, particularly coy of advances toward the Countess. He met the approaches of WILHELMINA with unusual readiness and spirit. Serious people may even have remarked certain improprieties in her conduct. It was to be remembered, however, that the Count was a very old friend — very.

It must have been about ten o'clock on the following day that Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE and wife sat at breakfast over a broiled chicken, in the basement-room of their Avenue house. Neither son nor daughter had as yet appeared. Late breakfast hours were genteel, and Mrs. FUDGE rather liked late hours. The old people were consulting, in a sulky humor, the events of yesterday, when the maid suddenly came in and

announced, in a frightened way, that Miss WILHELMINA was not in her room, and had not slept in her bed, and was nowhere to be found.

Mrs. FUDGE, with an exclamation of wonder, looked over toward her husband; and the old gentleman, growing pale, looked gloomily back into the face of his wife. There was not much in the countenance of either to give consolation, or to clear up the mystery.

The house was alarmed, and searched throughout. Not the slightest trace could be found of the missing young lady. Circumstances, however, seemed to point to the Count SALLE as a party to this family bereavement. Some of the servants had seen her whispering to the Count at a very late hour; one even had observed her in his company upon the porch of the street-door.

Young WASH., made heroic by his recent Paris experience, swore that he would shoot the Count, and ordered a Colt's pistol to be bought for that purpose. He, however, yielded to the hysterical entreaties of Mrs. FUDGE, and countermanded the order.

My uncle SOLOMON wore an air of more calmness than might have been expected; he seemed to regard the matter as a judgment upon PHŒBE. I think he may have hinted as much; whereupon Mrs. FUDGE renewed her hysterics to such a degree that the family physician was called in.

For my own part, I think it was an event—I speak of the elopement—that might have been looked for. I think the progress of her education had encouraged a hope of some such brilliant *denouement*. I think it was only the dashing way in which my cousin WILHELMINA undertook to illustrate her advance upon elegant life.

And should it appear that the Count has given the affair a creditable tone, by a recognition of the marriage ceremony, I am by no means prepared to say that the event would be a disagreeable one to my aunt PHŒBE.

Indeed, I think quite the contrary.

STANZAS

CONTENTED with our humble lot,
Now tranquilly departs
The summer of our life, but not
The summer of our hearts.

We have but little here, and yet
Our wants are all supplied:
ONE never did the poor forget,
The poor, for whom he died.

For us the leaves and wild-flowers spring;
For us the brooklet plays;
For us the forest-minstrels sing
At morn and eve their lays.

For us, broad fields on every side
Are stretching far away:
Contented we—and could TIME glide
More calm, if ours were they?

Castleton, (Vt.)

H. L. S.

T H A N A T E N N O I A .

BY J. A. COWLES.

'DEAR, beautiful DEATH! thou jewel of the just,
 Shining nowhere but in the dark!
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man out-look the mark!'

WHEN those we love walk through the vale
 Where the eternal years begin,
 And the dark curtain of the grave
 Lifts up for them to enter in;
 Why start we at its rustling folds,
 While closing o'er the treasured dust,
 Or linger, weeping, at the door
 Which they have passed with holy trust?

They are not lost, but only gone
 Up to our heavenly FATHER's home;
 And, from its shining battlements,
 They beckon after us to come.
 Their voices, steal at mid-night deep,
 Like music, from that better land,
 To cheer us in our journey here,
 Where wrecks lie thick along the strand.

And shall we timid mortals fear
 To mount the stairway of the tomb,
 Which winds from out the shadows here
 To realms of light and lasting bloom?
 To worlds where life and love abide,
 Untouched by sorrow, sin and time,
 And one unending summer reigns,
 O'er the dank hills which here we climb?

We wander in our pathway here
 Like sailors o'er some boundless deep,
 Who hail each other as they pass,
 Yet still their onward bearing keep;
 Or, if the swelling sails are furled,
 'Tis but to note how wide they roam;
 Then spread them to the urging breeze,
 And trail their way through clouds and foam.

But when our paths, diverging here,
 End on that fair and far-off shore,
 Then strangers will not walk as friends,
 Nor friends as strangers, any more.
 There may our souls for ever rest,
 Where pain and death shall disappear,
 Finding in heaven reunion sweet,
 With those who made our heaven here.

Hamilton College, 1854.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE MODERN DRAMA.

BY JAMES W. WALL.

THE most extensive and important department of English Literature, in what may be called the Elizabethan period, is the drama. By the drama the age of Shakspeare is chiefly distinguished, not only from all preceding periods, but also, although less decisively, from modern times.

In tracing the history of the drama, it will be necessary to follow the stream to its source; for although aware that the ancient drama has few points of correspondency with the modern, I am not prepared to admit that it is a distinct species by itself. The modern drama owes its existence to the ancient; and when the compositions of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were driven from the stage, and the sacred dramas of a Father of the Church substituted in their place, there was an imitation of the ancient compositions, and an admission that the popular taste, formed upon the ancient models, must be humored.

In ancient Greece, the first plays began with hymns to the praise of Bacchus; and in this first rude beginning, we have the origin of our modern tragedy. The ancient, like the modern drama, owed its birth to religion. Tragedy, which is derived from two Greek words, signifying the song of the goat, was at first but a sacred hymn. The first cultivator of the vine, whose name was Bacchus, and who was afterward deified under that name as the god of wine, disclosed the secret of his discovery to one of the petty princes of Attica, who happening, one day, to perceive a goat browsing on his plantation of vines, seized him, and offered him a sacrifice to Bacchus. The peasants assembled around assisting in the ceremony, expressing their joy and gratitude by dances and songs. By degrees, the sacrifice grew into a festival, or solemn feast, surrounded on all sides with the pomp and circumstance of religious ceremony. Poets were employed by the magistrates to compose hymns or songs for the occasion. These poets, in process of time, contended at these festivals for a prize; which was nothing more than a goat-skin filled with wine. Thespis, from whose name is derived the term 'Thespian,' now applied to theatrical performers, appears to have first introduced at these festivals of Bacchus a person or persons who, in the intervals between the singing of the odes composed for the occasion, relieved the singers, by reciting some historic fable. The chorus was at first a principal part of this festival; but gradually it became nothing more than an ornamental part of the ancient drama.

The actor having appeared upon the scene, and his recitations being more interesting than the songs, he was soon brought forward to play the most prominent part. In process of time these songs, whose original purpose was the praise of the god Bacchus, soon changed in their character, and became auxiliaries to the part recited by the actor; and

from this rude beginning the ancient drama progressed, until it assumed the form and beauty to be found in the plays of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles.

Æschylus first introduced dialogue, and threw the whole fable into action, improved the scenery and decorations, and at last brought the actors into a regular and well-constructed theatre; raised his heroes on the buskin; invented the masques, and introduced splendid habits, which gave an air of majesty and dignity to the performers. The poet Homer appears to have been the source and fountain of the ancient drama. From his urn, the early Greek dramatists drew golden lights. To him they appear to be indebted for the place, construction, and conduct of their fable, and not unfrequently for the fable itself.

Euripides and Sophocles improved upon Æschylus, until the drama reached its highest perfection in Greece.

It is generally admitted that the ancient Eleusinian mysteries were a kind of sacred drama, exhibited at stated seasons, with a great variety of shows, and solemn pomp. The Hierophants, or high-priests of Ceres, addressed the initiated in a sort of awful prologue, and invited them to begin a new life, as the word initiation seems to imply. The first scene represented this life in a dark valley, in which a number of persons were wandering at random, and conducted by some glimmering of reason; after which, Elysium and Tartarus (the heaven and hell of the ancients) were displayed with all imaginable solemnity, and the whole was contrived, as may be collected from ancient authors, to inculcate by a sensible representation the unity of God, which Plato, and other heathen philosophers, not daring to teach to the people, were obliged to express in mysterious discourses and allegories. Even some of the inspired writings have been considered as of the dramatic kind. Bossuet divides the Songs of Solomon into various scenes. The Book of Job, equally valuable for its great antiquity and the noble strain of moral poetry in which it is written, has been esteemed a regular drama; and Milton tells us, that a learned critic distributed the Apocalypse into several acts, distinguished by a chorus of angels.

All existing evidence seems to prove that every form of dramatic composition, whether of tragedy or comedy, had its origin in religious feasts and ceremonies.

The origin of the modern drama, like the ancient, is to be traced to a religious source. The opinion of Voltaire, that the religious dramas known in the west of Europe by the titles of miracle-plays, and mysteries, first came from Constantinople, has been generally adopted. Upon the decline of the Greek empire in the fourth century, Gregory Nazianzen, a poet and father of the Christian Church, with a view of banishing from the stage the classic and pagan drama, substituted for them his own sacred dialogues, the subjects of which were borrowed from the Old or New-Testament. These plays of the good father could not have possessed much literary merit, or excited much interest, as all of them but one, called Christ's Passion, were lost, when learning revived in Europe. A custom of presenting some event recorded in Scripture, at every solemn festival of the Church, soon prevailed over all Europe. These scriptural pieces were called mysteries; and in the thirteenth

and fourteenth centuries, no other species of the drama seems to have been known or performed at Rome and Florence. And this very play of Christ's Passion, composed by Bishop Gregory, is said to have been represented in the Coliseum at Rome, whose arena had once smoked with the blood of those martyrs who died for the doctrines of the faith founded upon that very Passion.

In what country of Europe, whether in Italy or in England, the 'Mysteries' were first known, has been a disputed point in literary history. During the whole of the fifteenth century, (the most barren in the history of English literature,) the 'Mysteries,' the bases of which consisted in pantomimic representations of Scripture subjects, and the moralities which succeeded and united these subjects with moral personifications, continued to be the only scenic performances. The 'Mysteries' appear to have been more frequently represented in trading-towns at the great fairs, where numbers of spectators assembled; and the great trading-companies, finding that the acting of these plays drew together a large concourse, took upon themselves the management of these exhibitions, and performed the part of actors. In Hone's Year-Book we have a description of one of these ancient pageants in the trading-town of Chester, as follows:

'EVERY companie had his pageante or parte, which pageantes were performed on a high scaffold, with two roomes, a higher and a lower, upon four wheeles. In the lower, they appparelled themselves; in the higher, they played, being all open to the top, that spectators might see and hear them. The places where they played them were in every streete. They began first at the abbaye gates, and when the pageante was played, it was wheeled to the High Cross before the Mayor, and so to every streete; and so every streete had a pageante playing before them, until the days appointed were played; and when one pageante was neare ended, worde was broughte from streete to streete, that so they might come in place thereof, exceeding orderlie; and all the streetes had their pageantes before them, playing together; to see which plays was great resort.'

In Italy, these Mysteries appear to have been performed upon a stage divided into three platforms: the upper being reserved for the appearance of God, angels, and glorified spirits; the next to the human personages of the drama; and the third and lowest devoted to the devils, being nothing more than a representation of the yawning mouth of hell; a black and gloomy cavern, vomiting forth flames and sulphureous smoke, and through which incessantly ascended the howlings of the damned; and by which, like a trap-door, they made their exits and their entrances, to tempt or torture the human beings on the second platform, sometimes seizing their victims, and disappearing with them down into the place of torture, from which continually ascended groans and shriekings. One of the greatest works of Dante is nothing more than one of these Italian mysteries, containing the three divisions of hell, purgatory, and paradise.

These mysteries appear to have embraced every thing in Bible history, from the creation to the crucifixion; nothing appears too solemn for representation. Even the holy persons of the Trinity were brought upon the stage, and the angels. In order that there might be a clown in the piece, the devil was made the buffoon, and appears to have indulged himself in the grossest indecencies of the age. When the 'mysteries' were refined into the 'moralities,' of which presently, a

character called 'Vice' superseded him, or else shared with him the comic part of the performance. This 'Vice' was armed with a dagger of lath, with which he used to belabor the devil; and sometimes at the conclusion, the devil was made to carry off the 'Vice.' Here, in this dagger of lath, we have the origin of the present wand of the Harlequin; and on the modern stage, in the Harlequin, we still have a representation of the 'Vice' of the old 'morality.' The devil was the comic character of the old 'mystery'; not the haughty and beautiful creation of Milton, but the hideous demon, with his horns, hoofs, and tail; and it is from these very old plays we derive the form in which the devil is so generally painted, although, from his seductive wiles and influences, we have reason to suppose he may be considerably better-looking. The present form we give to the devil, is but the creature of imagination. The 'Vice' of the ancient morality made way for the clown, who, on the early English stage served to fill up the space between the acts by supposed extemporaneous witticisms, holding occasionally trials of wit with the spectators. This is undoubtedly the origin of the modern clown of our circus. Tarleton, in the time of Shakspeare, was a celebrated performer of this description. The clown was frequently dressed in a motley or parti-colored coat, and each leg clad in different-colored hose. A sort of hood covered his head, resembling a monk's cowl; this was afterward changed for a cap, each being usually surmounted by the neck and head of a cock, and sometimes the crest or comb, from which is derived our term cockscomb, which means a strutting fellow, who gives himself airs; just as the clown of the ancient stage did.

The mysteries, which always represented Scripture subjects were, in process of time, superseded by plays called moralities, supplanting the historical or theological characters of Scripture by personifications of abstract qualities, such as the virtues, vices, and sentiments of human nature. In these plays we have the characters personating Justice, Temperance, Folly, Gluttony, and Vice. Their object, also, was sometimes very good, inculcating virtue and frowning down vice; and they are not wholly deficient in plot or ingenuity.

A very good specimen of one of the old English mystery plays is entitled 'The Killing of the Children of Israel, or the Babes of Bethlehem.' It was written about the year 1512, and was one of the favorite performances of the day.

After the prologue, the play opens with a self-glorification by Herod, who is represented sitting on his throne, in power and state. After the monarch has indulged his pompous, self-satisfied spirit, in contrasting the insignificance of other monarchs with his own importance, he sends for his messenger, and gives him the following direction:

'My messenger, take heed what I shall to thee say:
I charge the luke about through my contray,
To espy if any rebel do ageynst our lay;
And if any such come in thy way,
Bring him in to our high presens,
And we shall see them corrected ere they go hens.'

The messenger then informs the king that all this he has done, but can

find no rebels ; but reminds him that there were strange knights in his presence, that went to Bethlehem to offer observance to some great personage, and, although they had promised to return and let the king know if the great personage they sought was there, they had not returned, but gone home another way. Thereupon king Herod waxes into a great passion, and, addressing his knights, declares.

‘THEREFORE, my knyghts, I warne you, without delay,
That ye make search throughout all my region,
Without any tarrying,
And sla all the children, without excepcion,
Of too years age, that within Israel been.’

The knights, or soldiers, start off upon their bloody mission, while Watkyns, the messenger, tarries behind, and supplicates the king to make him a knight, and promises, if he will, that he would

‘MANLY fight
For to avenge your quarrel, I dare undertake ;
Though I say meself, I am a man of myght,
And dare live and die in this quarrel for your sake ;
For when I come amonge them, for fere thei shall quake,
And, though they charm and cry, I care not a might,
But, with my sharp sword, there ribs I shall shake,
Even through the guttes, for anger and despight.’

The king rather objects to make him a knight, as he had never been proved in battle, but informs him that he may join the rest of the knights on this murderous expedition against the infants of Bethlehem. The messenger seems perfectly willing to accept this, but, after a long dialogue with Herod, informs him he is rather afraid of the mothers, although he is not afraid of the babes, and declares that he will wait to find the children alone :

‘AND if the moder come in, under the bench I will crepe,
And lie still till she be gone ;
Then, manly, I will come out, and her children kill,
And when I have down I shall run fast away.’

The angel appears to Joseph in a dream, and, in the play, the actors representing the messenger and knights ‘are instructed to walk about the stage until Mary and Joseph be conveyed into Egypt.’ ‘And when Mary and Joseph have gone out, then shall the women of Israel appear with children in their arms, and the knights shall go to them for to kill them.’ Then follows a terrible altercation between the knights and the mothers, who struggle to save their children from the murderous blows of the soldiers.

The death of Herod is now represented, being afflicted with the most dreadful pains. The infant Jesus is brought back out of Egypt, and, in the temple, is blessed by Simeon, who, lifting him in his arms, leads the procession round the temple, while the Virgin Mary sings ‘*nunc dimittas.*’

It will be perceived by this analysis of the mystery, that it is nothing more, in its chief details, than a repetition of the New-Testament history. There is no plot, and, of course, no evidence of any ingenuity. The dialogue is often in the very language of Scripture. As the peo-

ple had not the use of the Scripture, of course their ideas of Scriptural history were formed upon the information received from the priests, and these plays furnished them, at the same time, instruction and amusement.

One of the first improvements on the old mystery, was the allegorical play called 'The Morality,' in which the virtues and vices were introduced as persons of the drama, for the purpose of inculcating some useful moral lesson. They were generally performed by students at the universities, or by great municipal bodies, to celebrate some solemn festival, or to do honor to some exalted personage. One of the most remarkable of these morality plays is one called 'Every-Man,' and as it is a fair specimen of the whole, I will make an abstract of it here.

The subject of the piece appears to be the summoning of man out of the world by death, and its moral, that nothing then can avail him but a well-spent life and the comforts of religion. The subject and moral are opened in a monologue spoken by the messenger. Then God is represented, who, after some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for Death, and orders him to bring before his tribunal 'Every-Man,' for so, in the play, is called the personage who represents the human race. 'Every-Man' appears and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror. When 'Death' is withdrawn, 'Every-Man' applies for relief in his distress to 'Fellowship,' 'Kindred,' and 'Riches;' but they all successively renounce and forsake him. In this disconsolate state he betakes himself to 'Good-Deeds,' who, after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her, introduces him to her sister 'Knowledge,' and she leads him to the holy man, 'Confession,' who appoints him penance. This he inflicts on himself upon the stage, and then withdraws to receive the sacrament. On his return, he begins to wax faint, and after 'Strength,' 'Beauty,' 'Discretion,' and 'Five-Wits,' have all taken their final leave of him, gradually expires on the stage, 'Good-Deeds' still accompanying him to the last. Then an angel descends to sing his requiem, and the epilogue is spoken by a person called 'The Doctour,' who recapitulates the whole, and delivers the moral:

'THIS moral men may have in mynde,
Ye herers, take it of wirth, olde and younge,
And forsake PRYDE, for he decieveth you in the ende,
And remember 'BEAUTY,' 'FIVE-WITTES,' 'STRENGTH,' and 'DISCRECION.'

'They all, at the last, do 'EVERY-MAN' forsake,
Save his 'GOODE-DEEDS' — there doth he take;
But beware! if they be small
Before GOD, he hath no helpe at all.'

From this analysis it may readily be perceived that 'Every-Man' is a grave, solemn piece. In this old drama the fable appears to be conducted upon the strictest model of the old Greek tragedy. The action is simply one, the time of action, that of the performance. The scene is never changed, or the stage ever empty. 'Every-Man,' the hero of the piece, after his first appearance, never withdraws, except when he goes out to receive the sacrament, which could not well be exhibited in

public ; and, during his absence, 'Knowledge' descants on the excellence and power of the priesthood, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus in the old plays of Sophocles and Euripides.

During the sixteenth century, the mysteries, owing in a great measure to the progress of the Reformation, and its counteracting influence, were gradually disused ; though an instance of these mockeries of sacred subjects occurs as late as the reign of James the First, when 'Christ's Passion' was played on Good-Friday. The mystery of the Passion was too long to be acted in one day, comprising the whole history of our SAVIOUR's life, from his baptism to his crucifixion. The representation was therefore continued from day to day. In this mystery of the Passion, no less than eighty-seven persons made their appearance on the stage. Among them were the three persons of the TRINITY, six angels, the twelve Apostles, six devils, Herod and his court, together with many other personages of the poet's own creation. But the moralities still kept their ground, although, by degrees, another species of the drama seems to have absorbed the moralities, called Interludes. They formed the favorite entertainment of the times of King Henry the Eighth, and were much shorter, and of a more jocose character than the moralities. These representations were always of a broad, comic character. One of these dramatic caricatures is called 'The Four P's ;' it is in a rude kind of jingling verse, and represents a match made by four interlocutors — a pedlar, a pilgrim, a 'poticary, and a pardoner — as to who can tell the greatest lie. After a fair exhibition of pretty tall lying, the pardoner asserts, as if accidentally, 'that he *never saw a woman out of temper ;*' and this being unanimously agreed to be the biggest lie that was ever uttered, the prize is awarded to the asserter of so tremendous a falsehood.

A few years after the publication of the 'Three P's,' the first comedy appears, supposed to be the earliest in our language, namely, 'Gammer Gurton's Needle.' The whole piece turns upon the loss of a needle with which 'Gammer Gurton' was mending the breeches of her man 'Hodge,' and which loss is attributed by a beggar to the dishonesty of a neighbor, and thereupon ensues a scolding-match, if match it can be called, where it is mostly upon side between 'Gammer' and this neighbor. The beggar proposes to call on the devil, in order to discover the needle, which alarms 'Hodge.' But, just as the devil is about being summoned, the missing article is found, sticking in the breeches of 'Hodge,' who roars with mingled pain and delight, when, by the prick, the missing needle discovers itself.

This brings us to the age of Bale and Heywood, which may be regarded as an epoch in the history of dramatic literature. In the stage itself, and the form of the theatre, some improvements began to be perceptible about this period. While theatrical performances continued to be exclusively on religious subjects, and when the actors were either friars, clerks, University scholars, or children, the church, or its immediate neighborhood, was the scene of the performance. About the middle of the sixteenth century, the separation which took place between religion and the subjects of the drama produced a correspondent change in the stage. The movable scaffolds on which the rant-

ing actor of the day used to enact the part of Herod — and hence the phrase of ‘out-Heroding Herod,’ used by Hamlet, meaning they ranted more fiercely than those who played Herod — and the Thespian wagons of the Chester trading-companies were exchanged for the inn-yard, which, although but a temporary theatre, was a considerable step toward the construction of modern play-houses. The galleries built round the court of the inn gave the name afterward to one of the least aristocratic parts of the modern theatre; while the ground of the yard itself (hence Shakspeare’s use of the words, ‘splitting the ears of the groundlings’) also contained the inferior classes, while the choicest seats of all were situated directly under the galleries of the inns, which corresponded to what, in the language of the theatre, is called the dress-circle.

The last days of Bale and Heywood may be regarded as contemporaneous with the birth of regular tragedy and comedy on the English stage. Bale and Heywood were writers of interludes — the next point in the progress of the drama toward perfection after the discontinuance of the morality plays. They both died about the year 1565. Four years previous to the death of these writers of interludes, we have the first tragedy known in the history of the English stage, called ‘Ferrex and Porrex;’ and ‘Gammer Gurton’s Needle,’ before alluded to, was the first comedy. It is remarkable, chiefly, as the earliest example we possess of the historical drama, which Shakspeare carried to the highest degree of perfection. It was for a grand Christmas solemnity among the lawyers of the Inner Temple, that this tragedy was composed. It is generally attributed to Thomas Sackville, (afterwards Lord Buckhurst,) assisted by Thomas Norton.

As this is the first known tragedy in our language, and possesses considerable merit, the language being generally elegant, perspicuous, and full of dignity, I will endeavor to give a brief analysis of the composition of its plot. It is generally known by the name of ‘Gorboduck,’ and was held in high esteem by contemporary critics. But we need no other testimony of its merits than that of the elegant and accomplished Sir Philip Sydney, who, in his brilliant ‘Defense of Poesie,’ not without cause, cries out against observing rules ‘neither of honest civilitie or skillful poetrie, excepting Gorboduck, which, notwithstanding, as it is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the heighth of Seneca, his stile, and as full of notable moralitie, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poesie.’ The argument of this tragedy is this: Gorboduck, King of Britain, divided his realm in his life-time to his sons, Ferrex and Porrex. The sons became involved in a violent quarrel; the younger, in one of their disputes, killed the elder. The mother, whose favorite was the murdered brother, in revenge, killed the younger. The people of the kingdom, horrified at such cruel exhibitions, rose in rebellion, and killed both father and mother. The nobility assembled and destroyed the rebels, and afterward, quarreling about the succession, a civil war ensued, in which many were slain, and the land made desolate. In the order of dumb-shows, before the first act, we have revived the old

fable of the father and the bundle of rods. It is curious, as illustrative of the scene upon the old stage :

‘FIRST, the music of violins began to play, during which came in upon the stage six wild-men, clothed in leaves, of whom, the first bare on his neck a faggot of small sticks, which they all, both severally and together, assayed, with all their strengths, to break ; but it could not be broken by them. At the length, one of them plucked out one of the sticks and brake it, and the rest, plucking out all the other sticks one after the other, did easily break them ; the same being severed which, being conjoined, they had before attempted in vain. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the music ceased. Hereby was signified that a state knit in unity doth continue strong against all force ; but, being divided, is easily destroyed — as befell upon Duke Gonzorc, dividing his lands to his two sons, which he before held in monarchy, did upon the dissension of the brethren among whom it was divided.’

The literary merits of this play are by no means insignificant. It is no doubt liable to the objection that there is too servile an adherence to the forms of the classical drama, in the fewness of persons, and in the gravity and philosophical stateliness of the language, and in the retention of the chorus, which is strictly in imitation of the Greek tragedies. But we have some noble and genuine specimens of English eloquence in the speeches of the three councillors ; and the account of the death of ‘Porrex,’ by ‘Marcella,’ surpasses, in tenderness and simplicity, any of the narrations of Euripides. The king, having asked the advice of his councillors in reference to his abdication in favor of his sons, ‘Arostus,’ who coincides with the proposition of the monarch, replies :

‘THEY two, yet young, shall bear the parted reign
With greater ease than one, now old, alone
Can wield the whole, for whom much harder is,
With lessened strength, the double weight to bear.
Your eye, your counsel, and the grave regard
Of father, yea, of such a father’s name,
Now, at the beginning of their sundered reign,
When is the hazard of their whole success,
Shall bridle so their force of youthful heats,
And so restrain the rage of insolence
Which most assails the young and noble minds,
And so shall guide and train in tempered stay
Their yet green, bending wits with reverent awe,
As now inured with virtues at the first,
Custom, O king, shall bring delightfulness.
By use of virtue, vice shall grow in hate ;
But, if you so dispose it, that the day
Which ends your life shall first begin their reign,
Great is the peril which will be the end.’

‘Philander,’ also dissenting from the royal proposition, winds up his discourse by advising the king to join them with him in ruling the kingdom, but still to hold on to the sceptre, and says :

‘WHEREFORE, most noble king, I will assent
Between your sons, that you divide your realm,
And, as in kind, so match them in degree ;
But, while the gods prolong your royal life,
Prolong your reign ; for thereto live you here,
And therefore have the gods so long forborne
To join you to themselves, that still you might
Be prince and father of our common weal :
They, when they see your children ripe to rule,
Will make them room, and remove you hence,
That yours in right ensuing of your life
May rightly honor your immortal name.’

In the speech of 'Marcella,' a lady of the queen's bed-chamber, announcing to the king the death of 'Porrex' by the hand of his own mother, we are reminded of some passages of Shakspeare. 'Marcella,' rushing to the king, exclaims :

'Oh! where is ruth? or where is pity now?
Whither is gentle heart and mercy fled?
Are they exiled out of our stony breasts,
Never to make return? Is all the world
Drowned in blood, and sunk in cruelty?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not, alas! within the mother's breast,
To her own child, to her own flesh and blood?
If ruth be banished thence, if pity there
May have no place; if there no gentle heart
Do live and dwell, where should we seek it then?'

And then, her description of the death of the prince :

'ALAS! he liveth not! it is too true
That with these eyes, of him a peerless prince,
Son to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Even with a twink, a senseless stock I saw.

But hear his ruthless end:
The noble prince, pierced with the sudden wound,
Out of his wretched slumber blindly start,
Whose strength now failing, strait down he fell,
When in the fall, his eyes, even now unclos'd,
Beheld the queen, and cry'd to her for help.
We then, alas! the ladies which that time
Did there attend, seeing that heinous deed,
And hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and cry to her for aid,
Whose direful hand gave him the mortal wound,
Pitying (alas! for nought else could we do)
His ruthless end, ran to the woful bed,
Despoiled strait his breast, and all we might,
Wiped in vain, with napkins next at hand,
The sudden streams of blood that gushed fast
Out of the gaping wound. Oh! what a look!
Oh! what a ruthless, steadfast eye methought
He fix'd upon my face, which to my death
Will never part fro' me! When, with a shrink,
A deep-set sigh he gave, and there withal,
Clasping his hands to heav'n, he cast his sight;
And strait pale Death, pressing within his face,
Advanced his dread white flag upon him there.'

Space will not permit any longer extracts from this first English tragedy. I have presented enough to show that it is no devoid of considerable merit, and one familiar with the plays of Shakspeare will recognize in the language, thoughts almost identical with those of the great dramatist. This play must certainly be regarded as a great improvement on preceding compositions. It was the first play in the English language in which heroic blank verse and moral sentiments in natural language were introduced into dramatic compositions.

About the year 1589, the 'Spanish Tragedy' was written by Kyd, to whom Ben Jonson gives the epithet of sporting. This play is supposed to have been the original of Shakspeare's 'Falstaff'; and, about ten years after, we find a sacred subject in a dramatic form — the story of David and Absalon — which was wrought into a tragedy by George Peele.

This piece abounds in luxurious descriptions and imagery, and the genius of the poet seems to have been enkindled by reading 'The Prophets and the Songs of Solomon.' He calls Lightning by a metaphor of which Æschylus need not have been ashamed — 'The spouse of Thunder, with bright and fiery wings.' His description of David, too, is worthy of admiration :

'BEAUTEOUS and bright he is among the tribes;
As when the sun, attired in glittering robe,
Comes dancing from his oriental gate,
And, bridegroom-like, hurls through the gloomy air
His radiant beams.'

A number of plays of differing merit followed — such as 'The Troublesome Reign of King John,' 'The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth,' 'The Chronicle History of Leir, King of England,' and many others, chiefly valuable as being the mine from which the incomparable Shakspeare found the rough ore, which he sublimated into the rich gold, by the subtle alchemy of his genius.

The theatres of this age were exceedingly rude in their construction, and almost entirely destitute of those modern contrivances, creating illusions of scenery. The actors of this period were generally dramatic authors, and associated themselves together in kind of joint-stock companies, travelling about the country, performing in the houses of the nobility, or performing on temporary stages in the court-yards of inns, as I have mentioned, or else they established themselves in some of the theatres then built in London. 'As the Elizabethan dramas (says Shaw) are remarkable for the supposed changes of scene which take place in them, the spot represented to the audience was indicated by the simplest expedient. A placard was fixed to one of the curtains bearing the name of the city or country supposed, and this placard was changed for another upon the change of scene. If, for example, the action was to be imagined at Padua, 'Padua' was suspended in view of the audience; should the scene be supposed to take place in a palace, a throne or canopy, called 'a state,' would be pushed forward; if in a tavern, the production of a table, with bottles and glasses upon it; if in a court, a combination of a throne with a table and pens and ink upon it, was all that was necessary to give a hint to the imaginative minds of an Elizabethan audience.'

The audiences of that day appear to have been forced to

'Piece out the stage's imperfections with their thoughts.'

Of movable painted scenes, the theatres of the Shakspearean era, properly so-called, were not deficient. But in the period just preceding it they had (says Sir Philip Sydney) 'Thebes' written in great letters on an old door, when the audience were desired to understand that the scene lay in Thebes. Some of the stage-directions in the old plays are exceedingly curious. Hence, in the play of 'Selimus, the Emperor of the Turks,' composed in 1594, when the hero is conveying his father's dead body in solemn state to the temple of Mohammed, all parties are told, very gravely, 'to suppose the temple of Mohammed.' In the directions to Greene's play of 'Alphonsus,' we read: 'After you have sounded

thrice, let 'Venus' be let down from the top of the stage, and when she is down, say again in another part, 'exit Venus;' or, if you conveniently can, let a chair come down from the top of the stage, and draw her up.'

But in the dresses and properties the Shakspearean stage seems to have been rich enough. In 'The Antipodes,' a play brought upon the stage in the year 1640, we have a poetic inventory of some of those stage-properties. 'Bye-Play,' speaking of 'Peregrine,' says :

'He has got into our tiring house amongst us,
And ta'en a strict survey of all our properties,
Our statues, and our images of gods,
Our planets, and our constellations,
Our giants, monsters, furies, beasts, and bug-bears,
Our helmets, shields, and visors, hair, and beards,
Our paste-board march-panes, and our wooden pies,
Whether he thought 't was some enchanted castle,
Or temple, hung and piled with monuments
Of uncouth and various aspects,
I dive not to his thoughts. Wonder he did
Awhile, it seemed, but yet undaunted stood;
When, on a sudden, with thrice knightly force,
And thrice puissant arm, he snatcheth down
The sword and shield that I played Bavis with,
Rushed among the 'foresaid properties,
Killed monster after monster, takes the puppets
Prisoners, knocks down the Cyclops, tumbles all
Our Jigamogs and trinkets to the wall.
Spying at last the crown and royal robes
I' the upper-wardrobe, next to which, by chance,
The devil's visor hung, and their flame-painted
Skin-coats, these he removed with greater fury;
And (having cut the infernal ugly faces
All into mammoicks,) with a reverend hand
He takes the imperial diadem, and crowns
Himself 'King of the Antipodes,' and believes
He has justly gained the kingdom by his conquest.'

Between the year 1570, to the year 1629, no less than seventeen play-houses were built in London. Queen Elizabeth, at the request of Sir Francis Walsingham, established with handsome salaries twelve of the principal players of that time, who went under the name of 'Her Majesty's Comedians and Servants.' But, beside, many noblemen appear to have retained companies of players, who acted not only privately, in the Lords' houses, but publicly, under their license and protection.

In 1603, the first year of King James' reign, a license was granted, under the privy seal, to Shakspeare, Burbage, Hemmings, Condel, and others, authorizing them to act plays, not only at their usual house the 'Globe,' on Bankside, but in any other parts of the kingdom.

This Hemmings, and Condel are well known as the earliest editors of Shakspeare's works, in folios, and Burbage was renowned as the great tragic actor of his day, and attained great celebrity in the character of Richard Third.

Actresses in these days there were none, after the fashion of the ancient theatrical companies among the Greeks. The female parts in the days of Shakspeare were performed by boys. A reference is made to this by 'Flute,' in Shakspeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' where

he says, 'Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.'

With some few notable exceptions, the dramatic authors and actors of this age (usually the same persons) were a dissolute and degraded class. Nor was it without just cause that the Puritans, who were a butt for the satire and wit of the comedians and comic writers, directed their satires against the stage.

A universal eagerness after theatrical diversions continued during the whole reign of King James, and great part of the first Charles', until Puritanism, which had gathered great strength, openly opposed them as wicked and diabolical. Prynne, one of the leading Puritans, and whose ears were cropped, to answer for the wagging of his tongue, put out his famous 'Players' Scourge;' this was published in 1633. The players answered it by publishing the best old plays they could find, and, of course, many of Shakspeare's; and for a short time the players prevailed. Prynne's book was deemed an infamous libel against church and state, against peers, bishops, and magistrates, and, finally, against the king and queen. This fierce and bitter old Puritan, in this famous pamphlet, says, 'That English ladies had become shorn and frizzled madams, and had lost their modesty. That plays were the chief delight of the devil, and all that frequented them were damned.' To all music he had an utter antipathy, and to church-music in particular, which he calls 'the bleating of brute beasts,' and says, 'The choristers bellow the tenor, as if they were oxen; bark a counter-point, like a kennel of hounds; roar a treble, as if they were bulls; and grunt out a base, like a parcel of hogs.' For this, and many other passages, the book was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman, and he himself to stand in the pillory, have both his ears cut off, and to pay a fine of five thousand pounds, beside to suffer perpetual imprisonment; all of which, but the last, was carried into execution. But Puritanism day by day gathered strength, and finally the play-houses were leveled to the dust, but only to arise, in another age, with renewed vigor and strength.

THE DEAD BLOSSOM.

I.

THE blossom died in early May,
 Before we knew its sweeter prime:
 No mellow fruit upon the bough
 Shall hang at Autumn's harvest-time.
 Alone the naked tree shall stand,
 Fruitless in the teeming land.

II.

But when the winter, chill and drear,
 Whirls the leaves on every side,
 All shall then as naked be
 As the bough whose blossom died:
 For in the winter, none can say
 Which has blossomed in the May.

SIGMA.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE LOST PRINCE: Facts tending to prove the Identity of Louis the Seventeenth of France, and the Rev. ELEAZAR WILLIAMS, Missionary among the Indians of North America. By JOHN H. HANSON. In one volume: pp. 479. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Number Ten, Park-Place.

LOUIS THE SEVENTEENTH: His Life, Sufferings, and Death. By M. BRAUCHESNE. In one volume: pp. 289. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE COURT, thanking the Jury for the patient hearing which they awarded to the first division of the '*Charge to the Jury of the Public in the Dauphin Case,*' would now call their especial and earnest attention to the remaining unconsidered arguments involved in the case :

'A FARTHER and curious fact, strongly telling against the government, is that the death of the child was reported to the Committee of General Safety, before it had actually occurred. LASNE, it seems, noted the precise time, as is customary on such occasions, and GOMIN afterward went to inform the committee of the occurrence. He reached the Tuileries, and found the committee had adjourned. He, however, states that he saw SERESTRE, a member, who told him to keep the secret till the next day; and he adds that he did so. The next day, it was reported to the Convention that LOUIS CAPET was dead, and that the committee had been informed of it at two o'clock on the *preceding day*. Generally, evidence as to the time is little to be relied on. But here, it is so interwoven with facts, as to leave little doubt as to its correctness. The fact that GOMIN proceeded *after* the death of the child, that he found the assembly adjourned, and that he kept the secret until the following day, show both the time and order of events. The statement made to the convention might be regarded as an error, were it not that GOMIN alone should have reported it, which he did not. Moreover, as little was known and little thought of the child, it is not probable that rumor could have reported it before it had happened, as it has indeed been the case with many of our own distinguished men.

'This ends those facts of which the jury are to judge, and the effect of which they are to determine.

'But there is another class of facts also bearing upon the case, which will require careful consideration. This case is properly an action brought by the Rev. ELEAZAR WILLIAMS against the late possessor of the French throne. Now, although hearsay is not evidence, admissions are; and admissions may, in such a case as this, be made not only by the parties but their privies. LOUIS PHILIPPE is, in effect, a privy of LOUIS EIGHTEENTH. The Duchess d'ANGOULEME was, in our view, a partner of, or joint tenant with, LOUIS EIGHTEENTH. She was at least his avowed supporter and the possessor of

his political secrets: in legal effect, his duly-authorized agent. We will therefore admit any admissions of LOUIS PHILIPPE, LOUIS Eighteenth, and of the Duchess d'ANGOULEME.

'The admissions of LOUIS PHILIPPE in words are narrowed to a single question: the admissions made by the Prince de JOINVILLE to Mr. WILLIAMS. But Mr. WILLIAMS is a party to the suit; and however respectable a man, and however strongly corroborated by indirect evidence, his statement is not legal proof, and must be wholly rejected. *Nemo in propria causa testis esse debet.* Of the admissions to be gathered from his acts we will hereafter speak.

'The admissions of LOUIS Eighteenth relate to two things. First, it appears that, although the highest marks of respect were paid to the memory of LOUIS Sixteenth. MARIE ANTOINETTE and the Duchess d'ENGHIEN none were given to the last, though youthful king. In the graves of the two former quick-lime had been emptied, and hundreds of victims buried over them and around them to obliterate the spot. The grave of the Dauphin could have been easily discovered, and the surgeons' examination of the skull afforded certain proof to identify the remains. Yet, while the supposed dust of LOUIS Sixteenth and MARIE ANTOINETTE was exhumed, to be re-buried with stately pomp and studied mourning, the bones of LOUIS Seventeenth, in an obscure cemetery, unmarked by a single memorial, still rest, like those of a common pauper. This singular exception must be considered and explained.

'The next is somewhat similar in character. PELATAN, the physician, according to his own statement, carried from the post-mortem examination the heart of the child. He preserved it for some years, when it was stolen by one of his students. Recovering it afterward, he offered it to the king as the heart of the dauphin. An inquiry was instituted, in which LASNE testified that he was present at the examination, and nothing was carried away. The evidence, although contradictory, can be reconciled; for the statement of LASNE amounts to nothing more than that he observed closely, and did not see any thing taken. In regard to this, M. BEAUCHESNE stigmatizes the conduct of PELATAN as barbarous, and the statement for that reason incredible. Mr. HANSON claims that PELATAN was a physician of the highest standing, and entitled to every belief, and that his conduct sustains his testimony. LOUIS Eighteenth adopted the statement of LASNE, and rejected the relic. Of his belief and his motive it is for the jury to judge.

'The last admission contended for relates to NAUNDORF.

'This man claimed to be the dauphin. It is not necessary that we should consider his claim. It is sufficient to know that he possessed a knowledge of facts constituting state secrets, and relating to the royal family. As far as LOUIS Eighteenth is concerned, the admissions pertaining to NAUNDORF relate to a single fact. It appears that, while all other claimants were brought to trial, he, after repeated applications, was refused one. Indeed, the refusal was one of the most suspicious character; for it was not only deliberate, repeated, and unprecedented, but at last was made emphatic and effectual by NAUNDORF's being ordered from France. On these facts Mr. HANSON contends not that NAUNDORF was the dauphin, but that he was possessed of information which the king feared would betray the escape of his nephew.

'More interesting, if not more clear, are the admissions to be derived from the conduct of the Duchess d'ANGOULEME. Our jury will, first in order, to construe her acts correctly, examine her character carefully. She was a woman of dauntless energy, unwavering resolution, and possessed of self-command beyond the ordinary measure of her sex or race. She was dignified, stern, conscientious, believing fully in the religion which she professed, and devoted to the system of which her family was the exponent. So greatly, indeed, did she possess these qualities, that BONAPARTE is reported to have said of her that she was the only man in her family. Her position was as peculiar as her character. She was the daughter of the murdered king, the niece of the reigning one, the sister of the rightful prince, and the wife of the heir-apparent.

'The only admission of the Duchess sought to be established directly, is by the evidence of Mrs. BROWN, of New-Orleans. The testimony of this lady comes before us

approved by the strongest tests of truthfulness known to the law of credence. It is given while the witness was *in extremis*, and aware of her condition, which the law esteems of such importance that statements so made may be received in evidence as though legally verified. For the law properly regards a person believing himself at the point of death as under as high a moral obligation to testify truly as any human law could impose. The evidence is moreover sanctioned by a judicial oath, and is substantiated by a blameless reputation. It is also corroborated by statements made to unbiased parties before any of the facts now known had been brought to light. In her testimony, however, Mrs. BROWN is not sure that it was the Duchess who told her that the prince had escaped. Under the circumstances, the length of time elapsed since the conversation, the position of the parties, the invariable absence of such confidence in the Duchess, in our judgment, authorize us in withholding this evidence from the jury entirely, were it not for the following facts :

'A venerable Christian woman, upon her death-bed, tells us that, from the Duchess d'ANGOULEME, or from one of two other persons, she heard that LOUIS Seventeenth escaped from the Temple, was brought to this country by a man named BELLANGER, and was living under the name of WILLIAMS. This statement of Mrs. BROWN was made at least twelve years ago, before the name of a BELLANGER was known, before the visit of the Prince de JOINVILLE had taken place, and before the claim of Mr. WILLIAMS had been thought of. If this coincidence is to be ascribed to chance, a more miraculous chance is not recorded in the history of evidence. Still, this does not make the testimony of Mrs. BROWN evidence. Unless her information was derived directly from one of the royal family it must be rejected. We allude to this merely as a confirmation of her statement that her information was derived from the Duchess d'ANGOULEME.

'Of the acts of the Duchess the jury must be first struck with the neglect shown toward the memory of her brother. Like LOUIS Eighteenth, she erected no monument, and allowed the heart produced by PELATAN to be retained by his family. We cannot discover a single *act* indicating the sisterly regard which would naturally be shown toward the remains of a brother. Yet to the other members of her family who had been the victims of the revolution, no testimonials that an affection almost fanatical could prompt were unpaid. For her cousin, the Duke d'ENGHIEN, once a week, for months, she had masses performed, and repaired to her chapel, to pray for his soul. It is truly said, in reply to this, that the like offices were unnecessary according to the tenets of the Catholic faith for the soul of a child. But, while this is true, it nevertheless shows a carelessness in regard to her brother strangely at variance with the fervor of the devotion which she rendered to what she deemed the sacred victims of an unholy rebellion.

'To the Duchess, NAUNDORF preferred his claim. Repeated were his applications for a personal interview, and repeated her refusals. To every request she returned not a decided negative, but a condition that he should send her the documentary evidence he pretended to possess. At one time, she appears to have deemed a personal interview with the King of Prussia necessary to resolve her doubts. The king, it will be remembered, had some of the documents on which NAUNDORF based his claim. Whenever this subject was brought to her notice, strong agitation seems to have shaken her enduring frame. From her character and conduct, two inferences are drawn : Firstly, that she would never have consented to deprive her brother of his rights, and that her agitation was due to the love she bore him, and the horrors he had endured. Secondly, that she did assent to the surrender of his rights, from motives of state policy ; but, in the unbending pride of her nature, scorned to render those testimonials of respect and love to an unknown impostor, which she would eagerly have given to a murdered brother, and the heir of her kingly race.

'A farther admission is also claimed against both the king and the duchess. The decree of the allied powers treated LOUIS Eighteenth in a manner which allows the supposition that the existence of LOUIS Seventeenth, was known to all the contracting parties. By itself, this construction carries little weight ; but when taken in connection with the others, if they are held true, this is not without its signification.

'This ends the material facts of which we have legal evidence. The others, founded upon hearsay, conjecture, and rumor, we exclude. In construing these, we call the attention of our jury to a well-settled rule, peculiarly applicable to the case. We have, in speaking of the facts, adopted an old metaphor, and spoken of them as a chain and its links. This is an error. Circumstantial evidence made up of unmistakable facts where each one connects with another in such a way that should one be missing the break would be fatal, will alone bear this illustration. In the case before us, the facts are (each taken by itself) weak, but at the same time, corroborative of the others. Now, it is obvious and established, that, while one fact tending to a particular thing might by accident occur, and yet the thing itself never have happened, two facts tending to the same thing would be singular, and several in point of fact impossible. Thus, it often happens in doubtful criminal cases, that a number of slight circumstances together form a strong conclusion. A more fitting metaphor would therefore be, the strands of a cable. It will be for the jury to say whether, in the case we are now trying, the slender strands of circumstantial evidence of Mr. HANSON will be sufficient to topple down the positive testimony which forms the tower of M. BEAUCHESNE.

'If the jury shall be of the opinion that the prince escaped from the Temple, they will proceed to determine whether he survives in the person of the Rev. Mr. WILLIAMS. There is but one question, and it is a simple question of personal identity. Had but a few years intervened between the escape and the time of trial, Mr. HANSON would be required to produce witnesses who knew Mr. WILLIAMS when imprisoned. But, as it would be impossible to find such witnesses now, and the difference between the child and man would render this evidence useless could they be found, the question must be determined in another way. Firstly, by those personal marks (if any) which would survive childhood; and secondly, by those circumstances in his life which tend to corroborate or contradict the presumption.

'The first indication of this identity is that of personal resemblance. This is based on the supposed resemblance between Mr. WILLIAMS and the BOURBON family, and on the supposed resemblance between Mr. WILLIAMS and the portraits of the prince. If it were proper to admit such evidence in any case, it would be in the one before us. It is supported by the testimony of competent and experienced persons, termed experts, who have made such matters their particular study, and whose *opinions* would be considered *facts*. There is also one actual *fact* shown, and it is that the prince, although he had the BOURBON features generally, had not the BOURBON nose; while Mr. WILLIAMS, in the same way, has the BOURBON features generally, without this particular feature resembling that of the BOURBON family. But when it is remembered how frequently the features of children change, how often the opinions of the best judges differ, how common it is to find resemblances where there is no relationship, and relationship where there is no resemblance, we will be justified in excluding this testimony.

'Of a very different character are those personal marks which do not depend upon the *opinion* of witnesses. If the witnesses are to be believed, this evidence, in the case before us, is unusually strong. The prince had, as we have seen, tumors upon the joints; and upon the same joints Mr. WILLIAMS has marks which the testimony of eminent physicians assures us were caused by tumors in childhood. In addition to this, it appears by the evidence of Madame de RAMBAUD, the nurse of the prince, that upon his arm was a crescent-shaped scar, produced by vaccination. Her statement was made many years ago, to his sister, the Duchess d'ANGOULEME, with great earnestness, and is manifestly true. From the silence of the duchess, we may also infer that she admitted it. Mr. HANSON was not aware of this fact till after the publication of M. BEAUCHESNE'S work. Immediately upon learning it, he proceeded with Dr. FRANCIS to Mr. WILLIAMS' residence, and examined his arm. The examination showed a crescent-shaped scar on the same arm, the effect of vaccination. The good faith of the whole evidence is therefore apparent.

'This combination of facts not naturally connected, for the reasons stated before, gives to this evidence peculiar power.

'What question now naturally arises? It is whether this fact, presumptively established is strengthened or weakened, sustained or disproved, by the attendant circumstances.

'Mr. WILLIAMS, it appears, was in early childhood the inmate of an Indian's lodge, a member of his family; passing as his son, owning him as father; bearing his name—the name he has always borne, and still retains.

'If this *prima-facie* case is not overborne by other facts, it determines the question, and we may at once dismiss his claim.

'To overcome it, Mr. HANSON has produced a mass of testimony, the inadmissible portions of which we will reject, and the admissible briefly analyze and state.

'Of this evidence, there is the testimony of two witnesses which, if true, will at once settle the point. The strongest is that of an old Oneida warrior, who, in the form of an affidavit, states that Mr. WILLIAMS was not the son of JOHN and MARY ANN WILLIAMS, but was brought to them by two Frenchmen. The jury will examine this affidavit, and judge of its truthfulness. The second is the statement, likewise under oath, in the form of an affidavit, of the putative or supposed mother of Mr. WILLIAMS, that he is not her son. The suspicion that arises against this testimony is caused by a previous affidavit made by her, stating that Mr. WILLIAMS was her son. To this objection it is answered, that the first affidavit was fraudulently obtained, the witness swearing to it when ignorant of its contents, and not understanding the language in which it was expressed. The indefatigable counsel shows that the second affidavit was voluntarily made, to cure the involuntary falsehoods of the first. To sustain this, he points to the fact, that the last one was procured through the agency of an unbiassed party, was sworn to with the avowed intention of rectifying an unintentional error, and was couched in the native language of the witness. It is undoubtedly true that a witness making two irreconcilable statements, is to be looked upon suspiciously: but it is equally true that a witness may always correct a statement; and if the manner, the motive, and the statement of the witness do not warrant the suspicion, he is not to be condemned for an unintended error.

'From this positive testimony, we pass to circumstantial. Mr. WILLIAMS was undoubtedly a member of JOHN WILLIAMS' family, and in infancy, imbecile. He was also about the age of the dauphin. Without regarding his own statement, which is not evidence, it may be, nay, must be inferred, from his subsequent mental vigor, that he did not *acquire*, but *recovered* the use of his mind.

'At an early age, he was taken from JOHN WILLIAMS, and placed under the charge of Mr. ELY, a New-England farmer, and an intelligent man. The work, on the part of Mr. ELY, was not a work of charity alone. It appears that funds for the education of this Indian boy were regularly supplied. From what mysterious source they came, is not proved, but that they continued for a great length of time, seems established. A singular and romantic mystery is this: that in a quiet New-England township the supposed son of a vagrant Indian should year after year be supported for some unknown reason, and by some unknown person.

'Lastly, an examination has been held by several physicians, who come to the conclusion that Mr. WILLIAMS bears no trait of the Indian, and is undoubtedly an European. If the jury deem the judgment of these gentlemen to have been unbiassed, and their belief sincere, their testimony is alone conclusive. The vague opinions of uneducated men sink into nothingness beside the unerring deductions of science.

'The remainder of Mr. WILLIAMS' life, although creditable to him, and interesting to us, has no bearing upon the case, and we therefore pass to the last portion of the testimony: the admissions of the Prince de JOINVILLE.

'In 1841, the Prince de JOINVILLE was in this country. He visited Green-Bay, the residence of Mr. WILLIAMS, and visited him at his house. At various times before reaching Green-Bay, he made inquiries for Mr. WILLIAMS, and expressed a desire to see him. When they met, he paid Mr. WILLIAMS so much respect as to attract the attention of the bystanders. To all these facts, several disinterested witnesses testify, and their testimony is clear, consistent, and conclusive.

'In 1853, an account of that interview was given by Mr. WILLIAMS, with a request that the prince would corroborate it. The prince replied. His answer contained four things. Firstly, it denied the statement of Mr. WILLIAMS; secondly, it averred that the prince had felt a curiosity to see Mr. WILLIAMS, in consequence of the rumor that Mr. WILLIAMS thought himself the dauphin; thirdly, that the meeting was unsought and accidental; and fourthly, that it was so trivial, that the prince did not remember Mr. WILLIAMS' name. The first disposes of Mr. WILLIAMS' account of the interview, for it raises an issue which evidence alone can decide. The second, third, and fourth are evidence only so far as they tend to show an intention at falsehood on the part of the prince; and the falsehood is evidence only to show that the prince deemed the interview of such importance as to induce him to falsify the facts relating to it.

'In regard to the second, the evidence shows that the rumor referred to had no existence until after the prince's visit to this country. As there was no public rumor for the prince to hear, the falsity of this assertion is an inevitable conclusion.

'In regard to the third, Captain SHOOK states that the prince inquired for Mr. WILLIAMS, requested Captain SHOOK to introduce him, and when introduced, paid him so much attention as to cause surprise. The other witnesses corroborate this, and show that previous inquiries for Mr. WILLIAMS had been made by the prince.

'In regard to the fourth, Mr. WILLIAMS states the receipt of letters from Louis PHILIPPE, showing that he was, at least in the eyes of the French king, a person of importance. But these letters have been destroyed, and their contents, unfortunately, are unproved. Two things, however, tend to show their existence. The prince de JOINVILLE admits, through his secretary, that Louis PHILIPPE wrote to thank Mr. WILLIAMS for the hospitality and kindness he had extended to his son. Whether this was in ordinary courtesy for the king of France to render to a gentleman with whom his son had spent a few hours, and whom he had met accidentally, will be for the jury to say. Secondly, Mr. WILLIAMS has still a letter from the French Consul-General at New-York, accompanying a present of books from the king of France; and also a letter of the prince's secretary, written by the direction of the prince, and in answer to one from Mr. WILLIAMS to the prince himself.

'A great deal, in the course of this controversy, has been said touching the veracity of the prince and Mr. WILLIAMS. Without for an instant regarding the account of that interview as evidence, it may not be improper for us to say, that as far as the evidence extends, the statement of Mr. WILLIAMS appears to be entirely true, and the statement of the prince de JOINVILLE utterly false.

'Having thus disposed of the historical question without expressing an opinion, there are one or two points on which we wish to state our belief and disbelief.

'We do not believe that M. BEAUCHESNE is the voluntary tool of the ORLEANS family. It is chiefly to him that Mr. HANSON is indebted for his own evidence, and the manner in which it is given betokens no sinister purpose. The care, the thought, the pathos, and the eloquence of the work, prove its author's honesty. Such beauty and such feeling were never called forth by a fraudulent design.

'We do not believe that Mr. HANSON has discharged his work in a superficial manner, has misrepresented the facts, or has dishonestly drawn his conclusions. The zeal, the energy, and the thought in his work, prove his sincerity. The innuendoes that have been thrown out, and the sneers that have been given, are undeserved. The work excels, in argument and research, in skill and power, any that was ever written in such a controversy. We have no hesitation in saying, that of all the articles that have been written against Mr. HANSON, there has not been one which has fairly stated the real facts, or clearly understood the real difficulties.

'We do think both works possess value beyond this controversy. The beauty and eloquence of M. BEAUCHESNE depict the horrors of the Revolution in a form as truthful, but not as repulsive, as those of the ablest of our modern historians. We doubt, indeed, whether there is any book which tells these fearful tales with such romantic interest. Under the guise of narrative, its author arranges facts and arguments with elaborate artfulness. He warms with his subject at the proper places, and with masterly

skill pictures events which, were they told in a novel, the reader could hardly believe unreal.

Mr. HANSON gives us a nervous review of modern French history, and additional incidents of our own. With lawyer-like adroitness, he impugns the motives, ridicules the pathos, exposes the fallacies, demonstrates the errors, and derides the conclusions of his accomplished adversary. Of both authors it may be said, they are advocates rather than historians. Their opinions are prejudiced, and their deductions suspicious. Their statements require scrutiny, and their assumptions investigation. *Non possunt esse jude et pars.* The work of Mr. HANSON contains passages of great force, and of considerable beauty. In the former it is generally superior, and in the latter inferior, to the rival volume. M. BEAUCHESNE was writing a narrative which he believed would be conclusive: Mr. HANSON, an attack which he hoped would be successful. The effect is apparent in their labors. The work of the one is invested with the greater dignity; that of the other is possessed of the greater power.

We believe Mr. WILLIAMS to be a Christian minister. In our dislike of royalty, we do not over-look the history of his exemplary life. A poor Indian boy wandering among the wild woods of the Adirondack, educated among strangers in the heart of puritan New-England, a brave soldier in our most unhappy war; devoted for the noblest of purposes to those whom all others seem eager to injure and neglect: such is the *admitted* record of his life. Strange destiny it seems, without gazing into the depths which neither his memory nor our knowledge sufficiently illumine! Others who acted with him have retained their honors; but he, as the great men who approved his services have dropped away, has lived to see those services ungratefully forgotten. Necessity has chilled the current of his hopes, and reverses have snatched away the little he occasionally has saved. Although laboring for the friendless and unfortunate, little of sympathy or assistance has been given in his aid. At last, as he is approaching, with the cheerfulness of resignation, the end of his journey, he is told that he is the descendant of a line of kings. A story it is, so strange, that the vicissitudes within his memory are as nothing to the romance which went before. Yet he looks neither to the right hand nor to the left, peacefully pursuing the narrow way which duty dictates, and which HEAVEN has assigned. Years have passed since he first heard the story, yet he has made no effort to establish his claim, or through it to obtain respect. Nor does he now. A friend, voluntarily, and not at his request, undertook the task of establishing his right. In the minds of many, that right is conclusively established. Yet still, Mr. WILLIAMS asks for nothing but the aid which Christian men should be willing to afford. Intent on this one object, avoiding display, renouncing ambition, shunning the world, he still meekly labors for their interests, and not his own. It seems hard that one who has so patiently endured, and so faithfully performed, should, in misfortune and old age, be reviled as an impostor and a cheat.

Should the theory of Mr. WILLIAMS' claim be found the truth, it will present a picture of the vicissitudes of human life, more strange than the fancy of poet or novelist has ever sketched. If it be true, inscrutable to us are the decrees of PROVIDENCE. Before us, we shall see the legitimate heir of the great French monarchy the destitute missionary of an Indian tribe. Gazing backward, we will behold the object of a haughty family's affection, hope, and pride, houseless, homeless, friendless. A step farther will be seen an innocent child taken from a gorgeous court, then torn from its shrieking mother's arms, to languish in the first *solitary confinement* to which a *child* was probably ever doomed. There in the retrospect will appear the little heart that danced so lightly at the sight of courtly pageantry, fluttering from the ceaseless terrors of that gloomy solitude: the eyes forgetting sight, the tongue forgetting language, and the head that in infancy was pillowed on the bosom of the peerless heroine of modern history, in childhood resting on the rude branches of an Indian's hut. Yet in the fancied picture appears as plainly life's common result. The days, as they passed, have been to him as long, and the years, as he looks back upon them, appear as brief. The same sun has warmed him, and the same frost chilled him: joys and sorrows, hopes

and fears, have alike been around his path; he has breathed the same air, and gazed upon the same skies, and approaches the same end.

'With most men, the visions of exalted station, under such circumstances, would form the closing labor of their lives.

'Gazing on the bright castles which their fancies paint; content to cast away their certain hopes for imagined nothingness; careless of the present and reckless of the future, such would find in the pleasure of anticipation the oblivion of their real life. The reasonable hopes of power and greatness that lighten the laborer's toil, and stainless enter the youthful heart, are easily perverted from their heaven-sent purpose.

'To those who would indulge their delightful visions, would appear of the life they possibly might lead, pains and privations would fade away, and pictures of happiness, and power, and courtly pageantry, and historic fame, would shut out the sorrows of their lowlier lot.

"FAR happier he, content with his condition!
Love on the earth, and hope beyond the skies!"

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF EXPLORATIONS AND INCIDENTS in Texas, New-Mexico, California, Sonora, and Chihuahua, connected with the United States and Mexican Boundary Commission, during the years 1850, '51, '52, and '53. By JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT, United States' Commissioner during that Period. In two volumes: pp. 1111. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

WHEN Mr. BARTLETT first received his appointment at the hands of our Government, we ventured the prediction that he would not only faithfully discharge the duties involved in his mission, but that the public would doubtless be indebted to his pen for a record of his travels and observations, which could not fail to possess more than common interest. With great knowledge of books; large acquaintance with men, and the most eminent men, of the time; an accomplished ethnological student, a diligent historical explorer, and thoroughly conversant with the geographical features of the country; he entered upon his office; and the result, both in his labors, and in the record of them, are such as might have been expected at his hands. Before proceeding to indicate the general character of the work before us, let us say a few words in relation to that which will first strike the reader, its outward appearance and illustrations. The type and paper are of the same kind which we had occasion to mention in the edition of ADDISON'S 'Spectator,' noticed in our last number — and nothing better had been seen in any previous American book. The illustrations are both numerous and good. There are in the two volumes, exclusive of maps, sixteen large lithographs of towns, landscape-scenery, etc., and no less than ninety-four well-drawn and clearly-engraved wood-cuts, of different objects of interest encountered in the author's extended and varied journeyings.

The work is a 'Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents;' and only such digressions are admitted as seemed to the writer absolutely necessary for a full understanding of the subject. Short descriptions of the towns visited are given, as well as general remarks on the country, as occasion required. So of the botany and zoology, the traveller conveys a correct idea of the character of the country throughout which his reader is

to follow him, without lists and descriptions, scientific or otherwise, of every plant, quadruped, bird, and reptile that came in his way. The narrative is divided into distinct journeys, each complete in itself. The first is from Indianola, on the coast of Texas, where the Commission disembarked, *via* San Antonio and the northern route (not now travelled) to El Paso del Norte, about eight hundred and fifty miles. A second, to the Copper-Mines of New-Mexico, in the Rocky Mountains, near the Rio Gila, with a residence there of several months. A third, to the interior of Sonora and back. A fourth, from the Copper-Mines, along the boundary-line south of the Gila, to the Rio San Pedro, and thence, through another portion of Sonora, to Guaymas, on the Gulf of California. Seventh, a journey from San Diego, by the Colorado and Gila rivers, to El Paso del Norte. And, lastly, a journey through the States of Chihuahua, Durango, Zacatecas, New-Leon, Tamaulipas, and the south-western corner of Texas, to Corpus Christi, on the Gulf of Mexico. These several journeys embrace an extent of nearly five thousand miles by land. Mr. BARTLETT has described with minuteness the Indian tribes with which he remained for some time, and whose habits he had a good opportunity to study, while he incidentally speaks of the tribes through whose countries he passed, without entering into any special detail. He was so fortunate as to obtain vocabularies of more than twenty aboriginal languages, many of which had never been taken down before, and none so fully as by himself. His farther ethnological collections embrace portraits of many of these tribes, both male and female, showing the characteristic features of each; in addition to which, sketches were taken, exhibiting their manners and customs, arts, husbandry, etc. It is greatly to be hoped that our Government may authorize the publication of such a report as our author could prepare upon the ethnology of the Indian tribes of the extensive region explored by the Boundary Commission. Collections in the various departments of natural science were extensively made by the different officers, or 'professors,' in the Commission, of which there were four in the single department of botany. In the mines visited, the mineralogical specimens secured; the pictorial sketches of scenery and character obtained; in the maps, drawings, and elaborate sketches executed, there seems to have been a single eye to the perfection of the survey, and the value which a full and truthful record of its events might present.

To say nothing of the great value of these volumes as a guide to the regions visited — regions destined to become as familiar to our citizens as any part of California itself, so little known only a short time ago — this work of Mr. BARTLETT is replete with interest from the *manner* in which he has jotted down his observations. The style is simple and unpretending, and all the more graphic and attractive on that account. The incidents, many exciting, some amusing, others humorous, and all entertaining, evidently were recorded while they were fresh in the mind of the author, and in the same fresh way they will reach the mind of the reader. In the regretted absence of space for extracts, we can but warmly commend these volumes to a wide and cordial acceptance.

NUGÆ: BY ALBERT PIKE. Printed for Private Distribution. In one volume: pp. 393
Philadelphia: C. SHERMAN, Printer.

'PRINTED for private distribution,' eh? Does MR. PIKE suppose that he can put forth a volume of such poetry as is contained between the two covers of this very handsome book, and have it 'hushed up?' Must his readers peruse it in private, and 'say nothing to no body' about it? If he *does* think so, he is slightly mistaken, at least in *our* case. 'Many a year is in its grave,' since our lamented friend INMAN, the beloved and accomplished artist, called at our office, and invited us to accompany him in a call upon a friend of his, whom he was anxious that we should meet. Hat on, and cane in hand, we departed; and as we walked up Broadway, he said: 'I want to make you acquainted with ALBERT PIKE, of Arkansas, one of your contributors, and author of the 'Hymns to the Gods,' in BLACKWOOD's Magazine; and by JOVE, he is *one* of the gods himself!' We went up to the Masonic Hall, in Broadway, the spacious public room of which had just been converted into '*The Knickerbocker Bowling-Saloon*,' by a society of gentlemen whose recreation it was to enjoy the healthy and manly exercise of bowling. As we entered, for the first time, it struck us, as we remarked at the time, that it seemed like rolling ten-pins in Westminster Abbey. Six alleys ran the entire length of the hall; and under the Gothic arches and pendants, and in the westerling light of the sun, that came dimly through the lofty, picturesque windows, the players at the farther end seemed diminished to the size of boys. But it was no 'boys' play' in which they were engaged. We walked up to the upper end of the middle alley, where stood a man some six feet and a half in height, erect as a statue, with a huge ball in his right hand, (like PERSICO's COLUMBUS, on the eastern portico of the Capitol at Washington,) poising it for an inevitable 'ten-strike.' 'His hair was thick, and black, and long, and his face was like the tan,' but the fresh blood mantled his cheek, and his eye was as 'bright as a new dollar.' This was ALBERT PIKE; and he looked exactly the poet that he is; a fact, by the way, that cannot always be alleged of all other good poets. The 'tall son of York,' who was his 'pardner' in the next alley, although a 'man of inches,' was not his 'match' in fullness of well-developed proportions. Mr. C. L. ELLIOTT, an artist of considerable 'cleverness' in his peculiar line, painted the poet's portrait some years after; but, probably for the sake of effect, he made the beard and moustache of his subject gray — a kind of 'sable silver'; a liberty which we think no faithful portrait-painter ought ever to take with his sitters.

Well, this, as we have said, was ALBERT PIKE; PIKE, the lawyer, the legislator, the patriot soldier in Mexico, the poet, the — writer of the 'Nugæ' before us; which let us proceed to consider. We shall say nothing of the 'Hymns to the Gods.' Several of them were written for, and appeared in, the KNICKERBOCKER; and these, as was the case with those from BLACKWOOD, were widely copied in this country. We choose the rather to quote from

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those portions of his volume which may be called songs of the affections, of which it is easy to see the writer's heart is full. Let us begin with his '*Farewell to New-England*,' simply premising, that our poet is a 'son' of the New-Hampshire division of that extensive and renowned region:

'FAREWELL to thee, New-England!
Farewell to thee and thine!
Good-bye to leafy Newbury,
And Rowley's hills of pine!

'Farewell to thee, brave Merrimac!
Good-bye, old heart of blue!
May I but find, returning,
That all, like thee, are true!

'Farewell to thee, old Ocean!
Gray father of mad waves!
Whose surge, with constant motion,
Against the granite raves.

'Farewell to thee, old Ocean!
I shall see thy face once more,
And watch thy mighty waves again,
Along my own bright shore.

'Farewell the White Hills' summer-snow,
Ascutney's cone of green!
Farewell Monadnock's regal glow,
Old Holyoke's emerald sheen!

'Farewell gray hills, broad lakes, sweet dells,
Green fields, trout-peopled brooks!
Farewell the old familiar bells!
Good-bye to home and books!

'Good-bye to all! to friend and foe!
Few foes I leave behind:
I bid to all, before I go,
A long farewell, and kind.

'Proud of thee am I, noble land!
Home of the fair and brave!
Thy motto evermore should stand,
'Honor, or honor's grave!'

'Whether I am on ocean tossed,
Or hunt where the wild deer run,
Still shall it be my proudest boast,
That I'm New-England's son.

'So, a health to thee, New-England,
In a parting cup of wine!
Farewell to leafy Newbury,
And Rowley's woods of pine!'

It is not unknown to our readers that Mr. PIKE did good service in the late war in Mexico; and while in that campaign, he saw one day a robin, the first and only one that he encountered in the entire region; and on hearing the song of the familiar 'Red-breast,' he bursts out into a song of his own, which, aside from the true feeling which it breathes, is not less musical than the sweet utterance of which it is the theme:

'Hush! where art thou clinging,
And what art thou singing,
Bird of my own native land?
Thy song is as sweet as a fairy's feet
Stepping on silver sand.
And thou art now
As merry as though thou wast singing at home,
Far away, in the spray
Of a warm shower raining through odorous gloom;
Or, as if thou wast hid, to the tip of thy wing,
By a broad oaken leaf in its greenness of spring,
With thy nest lurking 'mid a gray heaven of shade,
To protect thy dear young from all harm fitly made.

'Hush! hush! Look around thee!
Bleak mountains impound thee,
Cliffs gloomy, rocks barren and dead;
A lone, desolate pine doth above thee incline,
But yields not a leaf for thy bed.
And lo! below,
No flowers of beauty or radiance bloom,
But weeds — grayheads —
That mutter and moan when the wind-tides loom.
And the rain never falls in the warm, sunny spring,
To freshen thy heart or to strengthen thy wing;
But thou livest a hermit these deserts among,
Where Echo alone makes reply to thy song.

‘And while thou art chanting,
 With head thus up-slanting,
 Thou seemest a thought or a vision,
 That flits with quick haste o’er the heart’s lonely waste,
 With an influence soothing, elysian :
 Or a lone, sweet tone,
 That sounds for a time in the ear of Sorrow :
 Ah! soon, too soon,
 I must bid thee a long and a sad good-morrow!
 But if thou wilt turn to the south thy wing,
 I will meet thee again in the end of spring,
 And thy nest can be made where the peach and the vine
 Shall shade thee, and tendril and leaf shall entwine.

‘Ah! thou art a stranger, and darer of danger,
 That over these mountains hast flown;
 For the land of the North is the clime of thy birth,
 And here thou, like me, art alone.
 Go back on thy track!
 It were wiser and better for thee and me,
 Than to mourn, alone,
 So far from the waves of our own bright sea:
 Then the eyes that we left to grow dim, months ago,
 Will greet us again with their idolized glow.
 Let us haste, then, sweet bird, to revisit our home,
 Where the oak-leaves are green, and the sea-waters foam!’

We do not ‘content ourselves’ with one more selection, but it is really all for which we have space. And if we have any reader who is an incorrigible bachelor, or one who never felt ‘love’s holy flame,’ we advise him to skip ‘GENEVIEVE’ at once :

‘Of all the rivers of the West,
 I love the clear Neosho best;
 For there was I first truly blest —
 There first in my fond arms I pressed
 My blushing GENEVIEVE.
 Her eyes were bright, yet black as night,
 And radiant with love’s holy light:
 A tender, melancholy pair,
 Brilliant as if were throned there
 Twin love-stars of the eve.
 How dear to me that rosy mouth!
 Sweet as the sweet-briar of the South;
 Those little, graceful, dancing feet,
 That flew so joyfully to meet
 Me, on our old, rude, oaken seat,
 Close to the clear Neosho!

‘On my fond heart her forehead fair,
 In trusting fondness pillowed there;
 The sun-shine, flashing from her hair,
 With golden glory filled the air
 That swam round GENEVIEVE.
 Her lips divine pressed close to mine —
 Nay, frown not, DIAN! pure as thine,
 Were soul and heart, and lip and eye;
 Pure as an angel of the sky
 Was my sweet GENEVIEVE!
 Her bosom’s snowy paradise,
 Forbidden to unhallowed eyes,
 Beat with devotion on my breast;
 And, clasping fondly her slight waist,
 Those rosy, loving lips I kissed,
 Chaste as the cold Neosho.

‘The river murmured in its bed;
 The scented clover round us spread;
 The birds sang gladly overhead;
 Bees at the honeysuckle fed:
 All loved my GENEVIEVE.
 Her petted deer was ever near,
 A gentle thing, devoid of fear;
 The flowering vines above us made
 A silver dusk, half light, half shade,
 From morn till dewy eve.
 And there she murmured in my ear
 The words I longed and hoped to hear,
 Confessing she was all my own,
 Which her dear eyes before had shown,
 While often we sat there alone,
 Close to the clear Neosho.

‘Over the lofty Cavanole
 The crimson clouds still foam and roll;
 But she is gone that was the soul,
 Illuming like a sun the whole,
 My sweet young GENEVIEVE!
 Vanished are those bright hours that rose
 Like golden drifts at day’s soft close;
 That face no longer greets me here,
 Which made these grassy banks so dear:
 I stay behind to grieve.
 Yet still I love the tranquil tide,
 On which I wooed and won my bride.
 Long years have passed since she was there,
 Yet I preserve, with jealous care,
 Our old, rude, twisted oaken chair,
 That hallows the Neosho.’

Is not this a charming picture of female loveliness? 'Yea or nay?'

'As of one heart-sore,
Her wasted hands were crossed upon her breast,
Thin, and transparent as an amethyst.
Her head hung drooping, like the heavy bud
Of a faint lily. When the abundant flood
Of the rich moon-light fell upon her face,
It met in her large eye a changeless gaze,
A ghastly paleness on her brow and cheek,
Which, plainer than all words could do, did speak
Utter despair.'

We think Mr. PIKE has made a slight mistake in keeping his private 'I' from the *public* eye, in this attractive volume. One who can write as *he* has written, whose verse is a pellucid stream, through which his heart shines like a diamond, need not have permitted his modesty to do the public an injustice. However, his 'private distribution,' if it embraces all his friends, will exhaust a large edition.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Edited by HENRY REED, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. In one volume: pp. 720. Philadelphia: HAYS AND ZELL, Number 193, Market-street.

WE have already alluded to a former edition of WORDSWORTH's complete works, edited, with great care and good taste, by POFESSOR REED; but, after all, it was not a 'complete' edition, in the full sense of the term, or the present would not be so great an improvement as it is upon the former. In the present volume, the text of the former edition has been mainly retained, but it contains numerous additional poems, selected and inserted under the author's own direction, and with his latest revisions. It also contains some pieces which were inadvertently omitted from the very last London edition of his works. There is an alphabetical index to the poems, and an index to the first lines, which, with an ample general table of contents, render reference to any particular poem an easy matter; and this, as all lovers of WORDSWORTH will see, supplies an important desideratum to the consulting of an author so voluminous as the great head of the 'Lake School.' In the prefatory matter of the volume, Mr. REED has introduced the tributes paid to the genius of WORDSWORTH by the late HARTLEY COLERIDGE, and by TALFOURD, together with the still grander one from the pen of the author of 'The Christian Year;' 'a faithful and eloquent exposition of the character and spiritual worth of WORDSWORTH's poetry, expressed with such truthfulness and beauty of diction that the words scarcely seem to belong to a dead language, when thus made the eloquent utterance of living thought and feeling.' The present edition demands the same praise on the score of typographical execution which we awarded to the former one. It is well printed, in double columns, upon good paper, and is embellished with an engraved bust of WORDSWORTH, and a fine view of Rydal Mount, his life-long residence.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A LECTURE UPON ART. — We have perused with unwonted interest, a '*Lecture upon Art,*' delivered some weeks since in Rochester, by HENRY J. BRENT, Esq. An accomplished landscape-painter, devoted with sincere affection to his noble art, he adds to these advantages as a lecturer upon a favorite and familiar theme, an intimate acquaintance with the best collections of art abroad, which he visited and studied during a foreign residence of several years. The antiquity, the omnipresence, so to speak, of one of the chief elements of art, is fervidly set forth in the passage which ensues :

'WHEN the supreme RULER of the universe created the four elements, it strikes me that they were intended to be the materials out of which man was, in part, to have his being. They were the leading qualities of the universe, and destined to reproduce, *ad infinitum*, other minor elements — minor, but equally essential and equally enduring. We were to enter into *their* spirit, and *theirs* into ours.

'HE made the air, the sea, the sun, (that blazing ancestor of fire,) and HE made the earth. On the latter, more especially, I feel inclined to build my structure of art-idea, and attempt, hurriedly and compressedly to be sure, to establish my fabric of universal love for its spirit. A solemn thought comes over me at this moment, and one that will not bear suppression. Let me utter it with no mock semblance of reverence, but simply, and in faith. It was the intention of the GREAT DISPOSER that *art should be*. HE willed it from the dawn, *and it was*. HE, himself was the author of the thought, (for, in reason, none other could be,) and the artificer of his intention. HE made a theory, and called it BEAUTY.

'Into the vast solitudes of the primal era, when the wheels of time rolled simply over things, and not over historic events, ere days were clocked, or years calendared, ere formation had grown out of the seasons, and circumstances out of existences, let me for an instant pause with you, and let your imaginations sympathize with mine in the logic of its fancy, and conceive the world a chaotic mass of materials.

'As we thus stand in the grim silence and the glorious gloom, see how gradually comes over the upward vault the tremulous waves of light, gathering the clouds into form and order. See the purple-tinted and the snow-capped vapors, how they are spread in huge pillars and domes. See how they move from east to west, with the uprising and onward advancing sun. Anon, glittering in a pageantry of splendor, he wheels his golden axles, and, at his meridian height, looks down from the young skies upon a revealed world of mountain, forest, lake, ocean, plain, and green savannahs, and rivers

launching their bright tides through the lengths of continents. Alone, with the ETERNAL, were the sun and the revolving spheres; alone in a mighty realm of beauty—a beauty that is now existing in all the main features of its creation, as it was then, fixed in the firm necessity of a positive element.

‘Why is this beauty found in the organism of all created objects? Why is not all disjointed, out of sorts, mixed in a medley of confusion? Why is not the moon black, and the earth black? Why is not every mountain exactly like its sister mountain? Why is not every river straight and as formal as a Hollander’s canal? Why do they not push up hill, instead of tumbling in torrents of liquid diamonds from beetling cliff to the dark gorge beneath? Why are not all trees straight as the pole of a clothes-line, and wearisome to the eye by their infamous monotony? Why are not all rocks of a mud-formation, disgusting to the sight and miry to the tread? Why are men pretty good-looking sometimes, and women (when they are women) always beautiful?’

‘You anticipate my answer to my own questions, and would exclaim, did not the rules of the lecture-room forbid, that it is because, as I have said before, ‘Beauty exists as an element,’ and so it will exist for ever.’

The lecturer next proceeds to give the following glowing description of Paradise, in connection with Art:

‘THE murmuring river runs its course by banks garlanded with roses. The murmuring river reveals in its sparkling depths the shadows of trees that lift their wealth of foliage to the air. Imagination flits into the endless reaches of the forests, where musical birds swing on boughs whose leaves bear the odors of heaven. Through long, winding avenues, glimpses are caught of the blue mountain barrier that, in tone and sentiment, holds companionship with the firmament. Here and there the broad-winged light falls on the velvet turf, and spreads the shadows of stars upon the ambrosial spaces; shadows, soft and dim as the dreams of love, creep pleasantly beneath vine-clad, over-hanging rocks. The river murmuringly flows on, and blossoms of the perpetual spring, fallen from the profuse shores and the clustering trees, dapple its surface with their varied tints, and speak the first bright thought of *mingled color*. It is not enough, all this; not quite enough. Beauty pervades the scene. It is steeped in the very mightiness of perfection, and yet it is not perfect; for that which is to esteem this perfection is not here. The ALMIGHTY is here; but even that, it seems, is not enough; and so, when the moon is bathing this wilderness of inconceivable natural glory, a form appears, all compact and divine. MAN is in Paradise, and soon through those dim woods, where shadows wander, another form is seen. ‘T is painted air that glides into our senses. ‘T is WOMAN!’

‘Why do we find all these natural beauties there? They are before us, and, being there, they are essential, else they never would *have been* there. Their birth is before the Scriptures and the Fall. They were made to be the companions of man; to be his fellow-dwellers, and he was not simply to draw his sustenance from them, not simply to plough the land, and plant the crop, and reap it, (as social verdicts now-a-days reap the beard,) but to lie down upon its breast, and from it, and with it, and with them, look up to their mutual God, and understand each other.’

Having briefly sketched his conception of the ‘Idea of Art,’ the lecturer leaves the mythical portion of his subject, and passes on to the practical enlargement of the principle involved in his theme. ‘I will not attempt,’ he remarks, ‘to concentrate our understanding of art in any verbal explanation. Three words, or three lines, might inform us of the *nature* of art, but its meaning is too broad, its scope too extensive, to be treated by the philosophy of phraseology. Those who are desirous of a ‘short cut’ to such information I can refer to JOHNSON, that despot of language, or to our own

WEBSTER, that NOAH of syllables, who, taking all known words into the ark of his lexicography, has saved them from the flood of cheap literary invention that for *more* than 'forty days' has been invading our shores and has penetrated even to the Ararat of our select libraries.' The subjoined tribute to Grecian art evinces the 'fervent floridity' of a true devotee:

'Go back with me to remoter times. Go where first this flower bloomed, and where it was nurtured; where it was taught to cluster around the temples, and twine its tendrils over every monument that MIND suggested should be raised to warriors victorious or bards inspired. Climb with me the rocky steep on which the Parthenon stood in its pride, when PERICLES, the Magnificent, held the governmental reins of Attica. 'Tis there, in Greece, that we must look for the dawn of practical, poetic art. 'Tis there that we can linger amid her gorgeous mansions of the gods, and trace the chisel or the pencil of her artists, blending the graces of rapturous beauty with the awful sublimity of the heathen mythology. There we find the edifice of piety, purer than the divinity to whose honor it was raised, and even the statue more durable in its fame than that of the popular idol it was erected to commemorate. Such, at times, is the power of art, that it idealizes ideality itself, and, with its Promethean fire, takes from Destiny the spirit of its eternal existence.'

Passing over the history of the progress of the Grecian schools of art, the lecturer pauses for a few moments in the shadow of a building upon the Acropolis of Athens. The era is in the heathen calendar, and dates 'some centuries before the rising of the 'STAR of Bethlehem:'

'THE hour is mid-night, and over the distant hills the moon is all uprisen, and lights the animated marbles of the near Pantellicus. The famed Ægean sea is slumbering along its shores, unawakened by its billows, where THEMISTOCLES has fought, and PLATO mused. Afar off we catch dim outlines of the mountain ridges where Persia made Thermopylæ an altar: and there, where the plain sweeps into lofty cliffs, is the far-famed Bay of Salamis, where Greece gave a grave to Persia. Near us are fragments of fragments, and marble leaves seem bursting from out the moon-steeped rock. Here and there a figure, tall and graceful, passes from the shadow into light, and is lost in the angle of a wall that PERICLES has leaned upon, as we lean now, and gazed, as we are gazing, upon the crowning triumph of art — of art in all its branches — the Parthenon, the temple of the tutelar MINERVA. Here are statues and paintings innumerable; the fretted pile is replete with groups, wonderful even then, when art was at its zenith, and wonderful now, from its contrast with what the moderns have performed. PERICLES has lived long enough to conquer even political animosity, and to enjoy, with the whole of Athens, these accumulated triumphs of his policy. He has just won the verdict of the Athenians in his favor; for, as PLUTARCH, that BOSWELL of antiquity, and GIBBON, MUNCHAUSEN of biographers, inform us, he had said, when, in a fit of madness, the people had condemned him to pay out of his own purse for the public edifices, (he had previously suggested to them that resort, when they grumbled at his having paid his artists out of the treasury of the commonwealth;) 'I will pay for all this,' he said, sweeping his great Grecian hand around that Paradise of unfallen 'EVES and ADAMS, of gods and heroes, and splendid palaces of religion,' and of state, 'but only let the new edifices be inscribed with my name, not that of the people of Athens.' The historian says: 'Whether it was that they admired the greatness of his spirit, or were ambitious of the glory of such magnificent works, they cried out 'that he might spend as much more as he pleased of the public treasure, without sparing it in the least.' All this was very fine, by the way, in our friends of Athens; for the truth of the matter is, the money, properly speaking, was money contributed for the benefit of the whole of Greece, by the protected cities of the confederation. Speaking as an artist, and not as a moralist, particularly a political one, I think PERICLES was right.

'Tarrying long enough to drink in our full of the exterior beauties of the scene, let us, like a band of happy travellers, enter the vast halls of this pillared pile of marble. The candelabras are lighted, and, brighter than the moon, they flash on statues and paintings, the works of PHIDIAS, and POLYCLETUS, ALCAMENES, PRAXITELES, and MYRON. Anon, we stand at the base of that famed statue of the Protectress—the high-born divinity of the land. It gazes, with its moveless eyes, out upon the western air, upon the Areopagus, the Agora, and over the plain and over the sea. It is armed, like HAMLET's Father's ghost, and, with its visor up, the live-night-long it keeps its watch upon the battlements of its beloved metropolis. Whatever Greek from distant parts returning, either from the mountain farms or from the stranger climes afar, that lance and crest are the first things his eager eyes behold. High raised above the temples and the tympanums that surround it, from the Rock of Freedom, like the sphynx from the desolate sands of Egypt, it looks the Present and the Future in the face.' Beautiful and mysterious: 'tis poetry in sculpture, art in bronze; and, as the whitening billow bears the wanderer home, he feels that this genius of his country, this idol of his worship, is the type by which the coming time shall read how great was Greece when art was great in Attica.'

Reluctant as we are to close our imperfect notice of this performance, we must fain content ourselves and our readers with the following eloquent sentences:

'The history of Roman art I can say but little of. The Romans robbed the Greeks, and bore their works to Rome, not to be returned, as in the similar case of NAPOLEON, who robbed Europe to adorn Paris.

'Art lay with its body near the surface of the earth for many centuries, and, although we find now and then some signs of its revival, as in the appearance of the LAOCOON, found in Asia-Minor, and to which PLINY has particularly alluded, or in an arch built in one of the Roman avenues, the world seemed contented with what had been done, and turned its ruffled thoughts to battle and devastation.

'Still, in the minds of men slept the fires that needed but some spark to kindle into a PERICLESIAN flame. Still, in the thunder-smitten quarries, where the lightning had chiseled for centuries its autograph among the neglected rocks, the spirit of PHIDIAS walked and hoped. Still, in the rain-bow, and the changing hues of the seasons, in the deep colors of the quiet or the stormy sea, in the blue, misty mountain and the velvet plain, the muse of painting held commune with nature and watched for the dawn of feeling out of the almost perpetual night of war. That dawn came at last; came when AUGUSTUS, the best of the CÆSARS, held dominion over golden and emurpled Rome.

'The mind took another direction, in rivalry of the more beautiful and artistic era of Grecian intellect, and no age presents so noble an array of poets and prose-writers as appeared at that period. The goddesses were sung of by OVID, never allowing the marble to share their immortality. The woods and wilds were treated of in agricultural and horticultural poetry by VIRGIL, in his Georgics, and scenes of the senate were perpetuated in the eloquence of CICERO, and the events of nations in the annals of TACITUS. It seems that nothing could exist in the atmosphere of the genius of that day but bulwarks around conquered cities, or bridges architected for battling cohorts. Greece, when it robbed Troy of its HELEN, seemed to have possessed itself with the spirit of perpetual beauty, and Italy, the asylum of the pious ÆNEAS, to have inherited nothing from him beyond the desire to extend new colonies, and thus retrieve the fate of unhappy Homeric Ilium. But gradually, over the mountain-tops of these unartistic times, the sun was blending with the cloud. A universal idea can never be entirely destroyed, except by the same hand that could suspend a universe in its action. In Italy, religion made of art a parable and a prayer. Looking up to the monuments wrenched from Attica, the painters of Italy inspired the form of grandeur and the idea

of excellence, and the result has been that Italy now is the shrine toward which the lover of art directs his steps, as to a shrine of divine idolatry.'

We had pencilled for quotation an interesting account of the *true* VENUS, (*not* the statue of which BYRON sang,) but our lack of space precludes the insertion of the passage. The annexed reference (in a running commentary upon some of the master-pieces of art in the Louvre) to a landscape of CLAUDE LORRAINE, must close this notice:

'THERE is the tower that marks the entrance to the harbor. See how powdered it is in the refracted sun-light; and away out, over the regularly undulating horizon of the sea, mark how the breeze darkens the billows, and, upward looking, behold the yellow sen, just hanging over the surface of the glittering brine. Trees, dark and feathery, and full of air, that turns the leaves over upon their backs, and then puts them right again, wave over our heads, and palaces of merchant-princes, with their open windows filled with flowers, stand in the centre of this scene, while groups of sailors and voyagers on the Mediterranean Sea are distributed in the fore-ground, to impart the signs of human sympathies to the subject.'

Equally graphic and forcible are the sketches of the elder VERNET'S 'Wreck of the 'Medusa,' BRUTUS witnessing the accomplishment of his own sentence of death against his sons, etc. But we are 'at the end of our tether.'

ANOTHER CHAPTER OF 'UNCLE REUBEN:' and, to our conception, the most entertaining that has yet appeared in the history of that amusing and vindictive 'old joker.' The best of it is, that all these incidents are strictly authentic:

'UNCLE REUBEN' was one day listening to DR. BANKS, while he discoursed very learnedly on ethical doctrines, but in a very anti-christian manner. He closed his speech with a violent thrust at Christianity, and evidently felt as if he had both astonished and confounded his hearers. When he had concluded, 'Uncle REUBEN' soberly said:

'Doctor, I do not think you are appreciated in this village.' (The Doctor began to swell up with delightful pride.) 'The people can not comprehend you; you are too profound — too great a man. Throw physic to the dogs, Doctor.' (The Doctor was aching with delight.) 'What a tremendous sensation you would create here in the land of the Pilgrims if you would set up for a *Heathen Philosopher*. Mortal man could not stand before your depth of reasoning. Yes, Doctor —'

DR. BANKS: 'You do me much honor Mr. P——, and I will take your suggestion into attentive consideration.'

'UNCLE REUBEN:' 'Yes, Doctor, set up for a Heathen Philosopher, but mind you, when you put out your notice that you have set up for a Heathen Philosopher, be careful and truthful, and leave off the term *Philosopher*, and you will accomplish the rest.'

DR. BANKS had once been 'an orthodox,' in good standing. From thence he went over to Infidelity, Atheism, Pantheism, and finally brought up against Platonism, and religiously believed in the transmigration of souls. Furthermore, he avowed a distinct recollection of having inhabited some other body than his present one. 'Uncle REUBEN' questioned him very seriously as to the nature of the things recollected, and then said:

"I have no doubt but I myself have inhabited some other tenement than the one I now live in. The Platonic ideas and notions are comforting and reasonable, and though my recollections about the body I have heretofore occupied is vague and indistinct, yet it is none the less true." (The Doctor seemed pleased.) "My recollection is more of events and ideas, than of the body I inhabited. I may indeed have had no body at all, but I have recollections of coming in contact with various minds, and if I am not very much mistaken I have been in contact with the mind, or life, or living principle of Dr. BANKS, and with *his* body."

"DR. BANKS: 'Mr. P—— I am charmed and delighted. Your experience corresponds with mine. And pray, Mr. P——, what body had I on, when you encountered me?'"

"UNCLE REUBEN: 'I would not speak with entire certainty in such matters, for the recollection is more dream-like than real.'"

"DR. BANKS: 'Of course it is; but pray, Mr. P——, divulge to me what was the body in which you encountered me, for I am more desirous of that information than of all other wisdom.'"

"UNCLE REUBEN: 'Well, it is an *impression* — it hardly rises to reliable belief — it goes only for what it is worth.'"

"DR. BANKS: 'Pray go on; pray *do*; don't fear.'"

"UNCLE REUBEN: 'Well, if you are willing to hear it without holding any hardness ——'"

"DR. BANKS: 'Certainly not — most *certainly* not.'"

"UNCLE REUBEN: 'If I am not much mistaken, the body in which I have heretofore encountered you was an *old-fashioned rotary cooking-stove*!'"

"The Doctor never after could bear the remotest allusion to the species and fasmms of PLATO.

"It was often amusing to see how very desirous people were to keep on the right side of 'Uncle REUBEN.' No body ever dared to *express*, even if they *felt*, an enmity toward him, and every acquaintance would deviate a long way from his own path to do him a favor. This was partly because he was one of the best-hearted men in the world, and partly because he never forgot a friend who would do him a favor, nor a stupid fellow that would not.

"His name was never mentioned but the company was on tip-toe to know what was coming, and if any one slighted him, or trampled on his rights, thousands of ears were listening till they heard how 'Uncle' paid him.

"Now CHARLES STRANGE, as he went on Saturday nights from the 'Red Factory,' so called, five miles to the west, down to Plimpting, three miles to the east, used to clip the corners and walk across the clover and oats, to the great annoyance of 'Uncle REUBEN.' 'Uncle REUBEN' suggested to him that 'the *road* was made to walk in,' but CHARLES heeded it not.

"One Saturday night in July, the sun an hour and a half high, 'Uncle' observed CHARLES crossing his rye-field. He said to his wife, who, by the by, loved a good joke as well as her husband:

"There goes CHARLES STRANGE across my rye-field again, the very longest way, dressed in white from head to foot: yes, yes; a-going a-courting NANCY WHITE. If he sees her to-night, he is a lucky fellow."

"There was, and is now, a muddy brook called 'the old slough,' a quarter of a mile from 'Uncle REUBEN's,' where you may run your fishing-rod down full twenty feet without reaching hard bottom. The water is tolerably clear, except when agitated, and then it 'might be bottled up and sold for Tyrian dye.'"

"Uncle REUBEN' walked toward this brook, and CHARLES came into the road just behind him. When he came to the brook, over which was a rude bridge, he jumped backward in great consternation. CHARLES stopped and looked at him with the greatest anxiety. 'Uncle,' with a loud whisper, and beckoning with his hand, bade him approach. CHARLES titupped along, and whispered: 'What do you see?'"

"Uncle REUBEN' replied by pointing into the long grass, and saying:

'Did you ever see such a sight? Such a big water-snake swallowing a hugh mud-turtle! See him move slowly into the water! Run, CHARLES, run and get two stout stakes, one for you and one for me, as much quicker than lightning as lightning is quicker than a snail!'

'Away went CHARLES, and having procured the stakes, hastened to the battle-field. They both crept softly to the muddiest part of the pool. 'Now,' said 'Uncle,' 'don't have the least fear of the reptile;' for, having that big turtle in his throat, he can scarcely move, and would do no harm if he could. You put your stake into the water and poke him out, and when he rises I will let him *have*!'

'CHARLES stirred up the water until he almost despaired of seeing the snake, when 'Uncle REUBEN' screamed out at the top of his voice, '*There he is!*' and suiting the action to the utterance, with might and main, and a tremendous splash, fetched a sweeping stroke with his stake, which proved disastrous in the last degree to CHARLES's white pantaloons and jacket.

'CHARLES dropped his stake, and stood with arms extended, shaking off the mud and water. 'Uncle' was bent on dipping up the snake on his stake, and heeded not CHARLES's discomfiture. With one eye on CHARLES and one on the snake, he dipped, and dipped, and dipped, with such an anxiety to capture the snake, that CHARLES could not call his attention away.

'At last 'Uncle REUBEN' caught a glimpse of CHARLES, and exclaimed:

'What on earth is the matter with you, and what have you been doing to yourself! You look like an alligator sick with the leprosy! Why did you spatter yourself, with your clean clothes on, at that rate for? What will NANCY say to that?'

'CHARLES, having sufficiently recovered from his blushes at the naming of NANCY, explained. 'Uncle' 'owned up' as to his carelessness. He 'should have known better, had he stopped a moment to think, but the snake fired his brain;' he was 'possessed of a serpent,' etc., etc.

'Uncle REUBEN' was a very tender-hearted man, and he pitied CHARLES exceedingly! He told him if he would take off his jacket and trowsers, he would take them up to his wife and get her to wash them and iron them immediately.

'CHARLES desiring to see NANCY, and well knowing that the 'Red Factory' was five miles away, and that 'it was a hard road to travel,' concluded to doff his jacket and trowsers, and crawl under the bridge, and there remain till 'Uncle REUBEN' returned with his clean clothes. Some how or other, the clothes were not washed and ironed with the dispatch that was expected. Whether 'Uncle' forgot, or whether 'Aunt' was busy, or sick, I am not sure; but certain it is, that when darkness came on, CHARLES, hearing some men coming through the woods with dogs, and talking about ghost-hunting, he made up his mind to skulk around by 'Uncle's' barn and so up to the house in 'his loose undress.' There he found, by some accident, that a pair of 'Uncle's' pantaloons, used by him on a fishing excursion, were washed instead of his. Whereupon 'Uncle' suggested that CHARLES should pass the night with him, or if he pleased, though the pantaloons would be a poor fit, yet if he wanted to take his, he might, and exchange as he returned on Monday morning. This CHARLES concluded to do, and went on his way rejoicing in the hope of seeing his NANCY that night and going to church with her on the following day.

'It so happened that PAUL BRYANT, (he who crept through the swamp to get a shot at a flock of wild-geese that had lit on a big maple-tree,) and CALVIN E——, (he, whom 'Uncle' sent a round-about way to Barrington with a back-load of birch brooms, ox-bows and whip-handles, because the wind-mill dam had given way and rendered the nearest road impassable;) and Mr. ROSE, (he who came at 'Uncle's' suggestion to turn the grind-stone for him to grind his saw, and who felt very cheap when 'Uncle' told him he had concluded to file it,) all of these duly-elected members of the 'Trade-Sale Company'—it so happened, I say that these men went to Plympton to church on the next day, being Sunday, and some how or other the joke was out, and every man, woman, and child during the intermission, expressed the fact that they had heard of it, by asking,

'Who washed your trowsers?' And boys, who did not understand the joke, but who heard the question asked, and how it made the people laugh, kept up the cry, 'Who washed your trowsers?' It was a melancholy day for CHARLES STRANGE. And to this day when a 'sell' or a 'joke' is discovered, the common expression is: 'Aye, aye, who washed your trowsers?'

'CHARLES would not believe that 'Uncle REUBEN' intended to spatter him till he was elected into the company of the victimized. Once in a while a man would be almost crazy with rage at being elected into this company; but with one or two exceptions, they cooled down, and now accost each other as brethren.'

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—Most cordially do we welcome the sketch of '*Ugly as Sin*,' to the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. Very difficult would it be to fill them with a better story, or one more felicitously told:

'Well, stranger, you *air* chawed up pretty considerable bad, and that's a fact. Bar or catamount?'

'The scene was the country store at the cross-roads, in the town of H——, which all who have hunted or travelled much in Herkimer county will recollect; and the polite interrogator was a large, bushy-whiskered, hard-faced man, in a red flannel shirt, whose appearance, no less than his dialect, proclaimed him to be from the far West. It was evening, and a group of loungers were smoking and chewing by the open fire, whose warmth, though it was a mid-summer night, was far from unpleasant.

'The person to whom the question was addressed, partly turned his head toward the speaker, but did not immediately reply; and I took the opportunity of examining him more closely than I had done upon his entrance. He was, without exception, the ugliest, most pitiable specimen of humanity that I have ever seen. One of his legs had been amputated above the knee; his right hand was withered and contracted, as if by a severe burn; his shoulder had a curious hump; and the cords of his neck were so drawn and shortened that the cheek seemed to rest upon it, as on a pillow. His eyelashes were gone, and his bloodshot eyes were continually moving uneasily within their raw and inflamed lids. But more painful to the beholder than all this, was a strange, undefined expression of fear or horror, which was never absent from the face, and which told, more strikingly than his wounds, the story of some awful trial to which he had been subjected.

'With all this, however, there was something so mild and gentlemanly in his manner that he seemed at once to challenge and obtain the pity and sympathy of every one. His entrance into the store, apparently a total stranger, had checked the lively flow of the ordinary bar-room conversation, but more than one chair by the fire was offered him, and many a glance of commiseration exchanged between the rough laborers.

'Bar or catamount?' repeated the Hoosier.

'I thought,' said the stranger, in the hollow voice of a consumptive, 'that I should find some one in here to-night who would recollect me. I recognize many of your faces. And yet,' he added, sadly, 'my own mother did not know me.'

'There was a quick movement in the group about him at these words, and every eye was bent once more upon him. But no one spoke.

'Deacon FELTON,' resumed the ugly man, 'your son BILL and I used to go to school together down at the creek.'

'Lord help us,' said the good old deacon, 'to think of the changes! Well,' he added, resignedly, 'it's what we must all come to.' It was plain that the elder was fairly puzzled.

'I never thought till lately,' pursued the cripple, 'that I should be obliged to tell my name to my old companions and friends. Look at me again.'

'No, no,' muttered the man in the red shirt audibly; 'one look a day at that fellow is as much as I can comfortably stagger under.'

'But the store-keeper, taking a step or two forward, gazed into the ugly man's face for a moment with an eager air, and said:

'Neighbors, it's BEN LARKINS!'

'BEN LARKINS!' said the deacon, 'why, we heard you were dead.'

'You will hear that again soon,' said the new-comer, 'and it will be a true story then.'

'There was an awkward pause; for the old friends of the poor man, with all their curiosity, had a native delicacy which restrained their questions. But the western man, who now saw him for the first time, was wholly free from any such embarrassment.

'Stranger,' said he, 'I ain't much given to pumping a man against his will, but I should like to know how you came so, just to keep out of such a scrape myself.'

'I came in here this evening,' said the ugly man, 'on purpose to meet as many of my old acquaintances as I could, and tell my story. I knew I should have to tell it some time or other, and I want to have it over, to feel that my misfortune is known, and that I am free from questions.'

'He shifted his seat, as if to obtain an easier position, and continued: 'Those of you who saw me a couple of years since will recollect that I was then, as I had been for many years previously, a warm and active politician. Now that I have come home to die among you, it seems of little moment who comes out the winner in these doubtful races; but then it was a different thing to me, and I believe I was never wanting in any service which my party asked of me, from the time of the election of the good old General HARRISON, who is, I trust, in a better place than the 'White House' now.'

'Amen!' said the red-shirted man, solemnly.

'When I emigrated to Ohio, two years since,' continued LARKINS, 'I carried my enthusiasm with me, and became pretty well known in the section of country about the village of W—, where I settled. You must remember, at least all of you who read the newspapers, that our last gubernatorial election was an unusually exciting one. I belonged to one of the state general committees, and, as the returns on election-day came in by express, we began to grow fairly wild. We had beforehand made all the necessary arrangements to have the earliest authentic news of the result posted off to the New-York papers, and I had agreed to see that a certain budget of returns which we expected to receive during the evening should be sent on to the town of B—, some thirty miles distant, by the rail-way, as soon as it arrived, and had chartered an engine, which was to be in readiness at eleven o'clock that night.

'Well, the budget came promptly at the time, and the news was quite as favorable as we desired, and much more so than we expected. I suppose it was this fact that so suddenly determined me to carry the intelligence on myself. At any rate, I hastily resolved to go on the locomotive, and, seizing the returns, I ran down to the depot, where the engine was fired up and whistling its readiness for a start. It was but the work of a moment to persuade the engineer to take me with him, for the fireman who was to accompany him was nowhere to be found, and the engineer had resolved to run over the track alone. I volunteered at once to assist him as well as I could, and immediately mounted the engine.

'It was a dark and wild, though a warm night, and every thing gave indication of an approaching storm. Fearfully black clouds were rolling up in the sky, and, what was rather a singular phenomenon at that season of the year, the lightning was flashing vividly, and the thunder was muttering as grandly as in a summer shower. But the excitement of success banished every sensation of fear from my mind; we both knew that we had the right of way, and, so far as human ingenuity and foresight could protect us, there was no danger in running at any rate of speed at which steam could drive us. Careful men had during the day been sent forward to see that each switch was in

its place; the night-train from B — was to wait for our arrival; the road was reasonably straight; and, except the ordinary dangers from defective rails or axle-trees, we had nothing to apprehend.

‘It was thirty miles, as I said, to B —. ‘What time can you make it in?’ said I to the engineer as I got upon the platform with him. ‘I once ran over the road in three-quarters of an hour with an engine,’ replied he. ‘Make it a half-hour this time,’ cried I, ‘and I will give you twenty dollars. Every minute is worth a fortune.’ I must have been insane. The flush of victory, after so many weeks of enthusiastic struggle, had almost, if not quite, turned my brain. Just at this moment the engineer discovered that the light in front of the engine was burning dimly, and threatening to expire. With an anathema upon the negligent fireman, he leaped down to examine it. The lamp had not been filled. ‘For God’s sake,’ shrieked I, when I learned the fact, do n’t stop for that trifle; I can travel in the dark if you can. You are not afraid?’ I continued, tauntingly, as the engineer still hesitated. ‘I can ride to the devil as coolly as you can,’ he rejoined, cheerily, and resuming his post, started the machine.

‘As we emerged from the station-house, I remember thinking I had never seen a blacker night. The first motion of the engine had extinguished our light; not a star was to be seen in the heavens, and the few lighted windows which dotted the landscape here and there only added to the general gloom of the scene. Flushed and wild as I was, I experienced a thrill of horror as the engine madly dashed into the darkness. I strained my eyes until they ached; I held my breath and contracted my muscles, as if falling, so fearfully rapid seemed the rate at which we were flying.

‘But a new and pleasanter sensation soon took the place of this terror. None but those who have actually experienced it can imagine the maddening delight which excessively rapid motion produces. We were under full headway, and with no load to retard our speed. Now and then a lighted window by the side of the track flew past us like a meteor; while, farther off in the gloom, a solitary taper would sometimes seem madly striving to emulate our pace — soon distanced, however, and soon lost. In less time than I have been talking, we had arrived at a little village, where the street-lamps were burning, and which I knew was just ten miles from W —. I stooped down and examined my watch by the light of the engine fire. We had travelled the first ten miles in less than ten minutes. ‘Faster!’ I shouted madly to the engineer, as I crammed another pine stick under the boiler. But it was hardly possible to accelerate our speed. The wheels actually leaped along the rails. The few drops of rain which occasionally fell, struck against my face like fine shot. The steam-whistle kept up an endless shriek, as if the engine were some monstrous goblin, tortured beyond endurance by an inhuman fiend, while the deep base of the increasing thunder mingled with the wild rattle of our wheels, and formed a chorus which the Furies might have envied. As my ears were gradually stunned by these complicated noises, and my eyes wearied by their unnatural exertion, I fancied that I heard other noises and saw other sights, which could have been only the product of a bewildered brain. As we dashed into some gloomy gorge, I seemed to hear angry voices warning and upbraiding me; as we flew over some lofty embankment, I saw dark spirits in the air, who waved me on with wild gestures, or struck at me with airy blades. The lightnings became more vivid and frequent. Now they showed us the threatening crags that over-hung our path, and now they lighted up a raging torrent far beneath us. My companion, however, was as calm and composed as though his cradle had been rocked by tempests. The flashes by which I occasionally caught a glimpse of him gave, it is true, an unnatural ghastliness to his face, but his manner was as cool and collected as I had always known it. I could feel him managing the engine as quietly and carefully as if it was a summer’s day, and he had the lives of a hundred passengers to answer for, beside his own.

‘A few minutes — ten or twelve, perhaps — had elapsed since I looked at my watch, and I had begun to think that our journey’s end was near. We were passing, as near as I could judge by the sound and the wind, over a level, open tract of country, when

I fancied I felt a momentary jar; so slight, however, and unimportant, that it would have passed from my recollection at once, had it not been for what followed. Just at that moment, a longer and brighter flash of lightning than I had before seen, attended, not followed, by an awful crash of thunder, lit up again the surrounding scenery. But high above the deafening peal, above the lesser thunder of the wheels, above the raving of the wind, I heard a shriek, a shout of horror, so wild, so awful, so like the utterance of a lost soul, that it vexes my dreams to this hour. It was a sound which no physical pain could have elicited from a human being, which nothing but supernatural fear could have produced, and which no one who once heard it could ever banish from his recollection.

'Involuntarily I felt for my companion. *He was gone!*' I groped hastily about the confined space in which we had been standing, and at once realized the awful nature of my position. I was alone, upon an engine which was tearing madly forward, at the rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour, rapidly approaching my destination, about to dash headlong, at full speed, into the midst of an eager and excited crowd, and with no more knowledge of the management or government of the crazy thing than an infant. For an instant I was thoroughly paralyzed by fear. Cold drops of perspiration stood upon my brow, and I fairly screamed in impotent agony. But in a moment more I recovered myself. I had some indistinct notion that the speed of an engine was accelerated or checked by operating the levers which stood by my side, and forthwith commenced a series of experiments with them. But my unskilfulness or agitation prevented my employing the proper means, and I fancied I had only increased the speed. Another resource flashed upon me. I might pull out the blazing wood and coals, and reduce the fire. It was a mad idea, for my ungloved hands were my only tools for the enterprise; but I chuckled wildly to myself as I thought how feasible it was, and how sure of success. Eagerly I stooped down and pulled a flaming stick from beneath the boiler. The seething pitch scalded my hands, and the live embers burnt them cruelly; but I hardly felt the pain, as I hurled it frantically into the darkness.

'But I did not stoop again. For, as I turned to continue my vain labors, another flash, one of those lingering, wavy, dancing flashes, which seem to tarry as if delighting to gaze upon the terror they cause, once more lit up the scene. I trust that death will efface its horror from my mind. I know that I can never forget it on this side of the grave. The shriek of my companion, which was still ringing in my ears, no longer surprised me. I no longer wondered at his mad leap from the engine. It was the excess of my terror alone which prevented my following his example. I no longer cared for the murderous speed of the locomotive; I no longer thought of my own danger. All misgivings, all fears for myself, were swallowed up and merged in one vast, shuddering, indescribable horror. For there, just before me upon the boiler, with its lips parted into a fiendish grin, with its eyes wide open, and staring upon me, and the glare imparting a life-like glow to its stony features; there, within reach of my palsied hand, even as I shrunk back in craven fear to the farthest limits of my moving prison sat a pale, gory, hideous, and mangled HUMAN HEAD!

'You smile, gentlemen,' continued the ugly man, with a melancholy air, 'and it seems to me that if I should hear the story told by another, as you are now doing, in a quiet room, with a firm floor beneath my feet, a cheerful fire before me, and friends around, I should do the same thing; but, believe me,' dropping his voice so low that I could hardly hear him, 'it is a different thing in a wild night, alone, and with a sudden and awful death impending over you.'

'Keep moving, stranger,' said the man in the red shirt, cracking a hickory-nut, 'it's as good as a sermon. Pass on to the second head.'

'It could, of course,' pursued the ugly man, without heeding the untimely jest, 'be but a few minutes, or perhaps seconds, before this terrible drama must conclude; but no prisoner ever longed for freedom as I did for the final crash, which I knew would end my life and torment together. I made no farther efforts to stop the locomotive. I was hardly aware that it was still tearing madly on, as though frightened, like myself, at its ghastly burden. The lightning still flashed at intervals, and illuminated the clayey

face; but I did not need its gleams to see the horrid thing. For through the pitchy darkness and the blinding rain it glared upon me as I had beheld it at first. Nor do I consider this imagination. I think that terror had so sharpened my vision that, though all else was wrapped in impenetrable gloom, I *could* see its glassy eye-balls, its pallid cheeks, and its bloody, grinning mouth.

'I have since learned — I do not think that I knew it at the time — that all this while, the firewood in the tender behind me was blazing furiously. It had caught either by a spark from the engine or, which is more probable, from the burning stick which I had so hastily tossed away. But, as I said, I do not know that I was aware of it: if I *had* been, it could not have added another pang of terror to my heart; and I only mention it now as an incidental element in the horror of my situation, and also from the fact that the unusual light alarmed the watchers at the station, and, putting them upon their guard, prevented any destruction of life on my arrival.

'I can never bring myself to believe that so short a time elapsed, as I know must have passed, before this awful vision ceased. It seems to me now, and always when I recall that dreadful night, as though I must have spent hours braced back against the tender, not daring to take my eyes from the spectral face, paralyzed and crazy with fright, my hair like reeds, and the cold sweat bursting from every pore. During all this time, I know that I never regarded the incident as any other than supernatural. If it had occurred to me that it was nothing but what it seemed, a dead head, perhaps, possibly, I might have rallied. But there was something so hellish in that stony gaze, alone visible through the murky night, that earth and earthly accidents were alike forgotten by me. Heavens! thought I, is this to last for ever? Am I dead, and are these the torments of the damned? Will this torture never have an end?

'The end was even then at hand. I shot past brilliantly-lighted streets, whose brightness made the corpse glare still more hideously upon me. I heard shouts of fear and warning, but they could not distract my attention. I caught glimpses at the station of groups of agonized and horror-stricken faces: what were they to the distorted features of the HEAD before me? A crash, a feeling of death-like sickness, and when I awoke, my mid-night ride had been the rounds of all the newspapers, and been forgotten.'

'The ugly man arose and adjusted his crutch, as if to leave.

'Pray, Sir,' said a little, silent man from the corner, in an excited manner, and speaking for the first time, 'was that the engineer's head?'

'Oh! no,' answered the narrator, with an air of relief, as though he was glad his tale was ended, 'I learned, when I got well enough to talk and ask questions, that the engineer crawled into the town about dawn of the following day, weary, torn, and bleeding, but without any permanent injuries. The head belonged to a poor maniac, who had often attempted the strangest forms of suicide, and that evening, escaping from his confinement, had lowered himself down into a cattle ditch, keeping his head some six inches above the surface of the road. The cow-catcher, as he probably intended it should do, had cut his head cleanly and smoothly off, and had thrown it so high that it lodged and stuck where I first saw it. His body was afterward found unmangled in the ditch beneath. And that, neighbors, is the way I came to be the wreck you see me.'

'That's a right smart yarn, now, stranger,' said the man in the red shirt, 'and I suppose likely enough to happen on some of them 'Hio rails; but on the Little-River Road — I stop down to Little-River when I'm to home — *they do n't allow no dead-heads.*'

THERE, if our readers do not agree with us that the foregoing is a thrilling and admirably-narrated story, then do we not hesitate to avow it as our judgment that we have mistaken their perception and taste, and to pronounce a judgment (which would forestal theirs!) accordingly.

CHICAGO, lately visited by so many wondering excursionists, is a large and very flourishing town — an enormous city, 'in point of fact' — situated at the southern end of Lake Michigan, a 'wild and stormy flood' at times, but an immense body of water, even in the driest season. Chicago has some seventy thousand inhabitants, and is growing, *growing*, GROWING — and is not going to *stop* growing, either, very soon. Would that we could have visited that city of the West on an occasion to which we have alluded elsewhere! We wished to be there, that we might 'hold converse' with Mr. HENRY SEDLEY, a young actor of that town, 'where he *leads* in the heavy and most difficult parts, both tragic and melo-dramatic.' Mr. SEDLEY is the 'author' of '*Bunker Hill, a Ballad*,' a poem composed and written by Mr. 'RICHARD HAYWARDE,' published in the KNICKERBOCKER for June, 1852, and subsequently in the charming and beautifully-illustrated volume entitled '*Pris-matics*,' published a twelve-month since by the MESSRS. APPLETON. The Chicago weekly paper in which it appeared, as original, from the pen of Mr. SEDLEY, pronounced it 'a good thing.' Mr. SEDLEY himself *read* it as such, at his benefit, and his 'genius' was much applauded. We wish we could do the same by his honesty. After the editor of the journal to which we have alluded had been informed of the *true* authorship of the admirable poem in question, the following paragraph appeared in that sheet:

'MR. SEDLEY claims — notwithstanding the sage conclusions and false statements to the contrary — that he wrote the article in question; and, farther, that his father had it published in his absence. We blame Mr. SEDLEY for only one thing: his neglecting to inform us that it had before appeared in print in the KNICKERBOCKER. If he was the author of the piece — and, until it is proven to be the reverse, we shall hold this to be the truth — he had an undoubted right to have it re-printed. But it should have been done with the proper *credit* attached.'

Yes, it should: and we should like very much to know why the 'proper credit' was *not* attached. Mr. SEDLEY, let us say a word or two to you, in all kindness. Mr. 'RICHARD HAYWARDE' wrote the ballad entitled '*Bunker Hill*.' We saw it before it was completed, and heard a part of it read from the author's manuscript. When finished, it was published in the KNICKERBOCKER, from which it was widely copied throughout the Union. It appeared in the 'Living Age,' among other journals, and was transferred from *that* excellent magazine into many other similar publications. Now, Mr. SEDLEY, how *could* you recite this poem at your 'benefit,' and claim it as your own? What 'benefit' could it be to you? How *could* you send it to a paper, and have it *printed* as your own? How *can* you meet a friend now 'on the street,' as the western phrase is, and say, 'How are you, my boy?' without *feeling* the twinkle in his eye that tells you at once that he 'knows all about it?' How can you enter a drawing-room, and say to Miss —, 'the sweetest girl in all the country side,' 'How do you do this evening, Miss —?' Will you accept this bouquet from me?' How will she know how you came by it, and how far it would be safe to accept it? How are you to meet your brethren of the sock and buskin — men, so far as our acquaintance with them has tested, frank, and honest, and open, how much soever they may 'act' upon the public stage — how are you to meet *them*? 'You

have compromised the character of our profession,' they will surely say. See, moreover, where you would place the *true* author of 'Bunker Hill,' our long-time personal friend and correspondent, if your *continued* assumption of the authorship of the piece were to remain unexposed and unrebuked. Our pages are open freely to any explanation which you may desire to make of this affair. - - - HUGH AINSLIE, of Louisville, the author of the 'Ingleside,' 'The Lass of Lochroyan,' and many other favorite Scottish songs and ballads, has been passing some weeks among us, with a view to the preparation and publication of his poetical productions. We had the pleasure, in a former number, to introduce Mr. AINSLIE to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, in two of his unpublished pieces, namely, 'The May-Washing,' and 'The Retrospect.' We are now favored with a fresh and original burst of true Scottish melody, which we have no hesitation in ranking among the happiest strains of the Caledonian muse. This bright picture of the fairest side of 'Auld Scotia,' will take its place among the songs that set the blood dancing in the veins of every hearer, whatever be his nativity, and will often be heard when the toast is given 'To Scotland's honest Men and bonnie Lasses,' the world over :

'The Merry Maids o' Scotland.'

BY HUGH AINSLIE.

'Ye merry maids o' Scotland,
Dear lasses o' lang-syne,
How turns o' some auld melodie
Will bring ye to my min'!
Wi' your daffin' an' your laffin',
Frae glint o' day to gloam,
When corn was whitenin' on the lea,
An' hay was in the holm.

'At Martinmas an' Whitsunday,
At bridal or at fair,
Wi' Sunday braws like drifted snaws,
Ye wore a dourer air:
But smirks around your rosy lips,
Wi' glintings o' the e'e,
Tauld aye how soon a canty tune
Could wake ye into glee.

'When dreary days o' winter
War scailing sleet and snaw,
Your fresh, unfrosted merriment
Sent simmer through the ha':
Your kin' gude een, an' winsome mien,
Would thaw the ploughman chiel,
While merry sang, the lee night lang,
Was chorused wi' your wheel.

'I'm far awa', I'm lang awa',
An' muckle's come atween
The nights we reeled it in the ha'.
Or linked it on the green.
But sowth me yet a canty lilt,
Ye're a' afore my min',
Dear merry maids o' Scotland,
Sweet lasses o' lang-syne!'

A true bard is HUGH AINSLIE. - - - 'L. B. G.'s case of 'Sharp Practice' reminds us of an incident once related to us by our old friend Senator SEWARD, when we were 'fetching a walk' along the Owasco canal, one pleasant summer evening, in the southern precincts of 'sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain:' (GOLDSMITH!) 'My first case,' said the Governor, 'in Cayuga county, outside of the village, was in the town of S ———, and I walked the whole distance to attend to it. It was a plain case, an action for debt before a country jury. I arrived in court in due season, and was ready at once to proceed; but the defendant did not want to go on without his counsel, who had not yet made his appearance. After waiting for some time, and no counsel presenting himself, I thought professional courtesy did not require any longer delay. So I arose, and laid before the court and jury a plain, unvarnished statement of the case in hand,

and was about claiming judgment for my client, when there was a sudden bustle in the court-room, and the defendant exclaimed, 'Hold on! — switch off! — dry up a minute! Here comes *my* lawyer!' I looked round, and saw my antagonist walking up toward the bar. I had never seen such a specimen of a 'lawyer.' He wore an old round-crowned drab hat, with a tow-string tied around it for a band, with a short, black pipe twisted in it, and 'two-and-sixpence' marked in figures with red chalk on the side. He had a short and very crooked stick over his shoulder, on which were suspended his coat and 'jacket,' and his brown tow trousers were rolled nearly up to his knees, and he was without shoes or stockings. As he came up to the table, he tossed his garments off from his stick, wiped his steaming face with a dirty red-and-yellow cotton handkerchief, and then 'opened' upon the court. 'Sharp practice this,' said he, 'to let a young Auburn lawyer come down here to mystify and confuse the minds of plain people like us, and have the talk all his own way! What's been a-goin' on? How far has he got?' I rose and remarked that I had waited more than a reasonable time, and had then made a plain statement of my case to the court and jury, but that I would now recapitulate my argument, which I at once proceeded to do. When I had finished, he took a huge quid of pig-tail in his mouth, and scarcely deigning a look at me, said to the jury: 'Well, there — that's all he's got to say! Now *I* sha'n't say nothing. *I* know, and so do *you*, that common law is common sense. The young man did n't think we had 'ither on 'em. Ha! ha! — guess he'll find he's mistaken! I leave the whole thing to you, gentlemen. You won't have to wait long, I expect, to come to a decision.' And the case was *instantly* decided against me,' said the Governor, 'although as clearly in favor of my client as the sun at noon-day.' Now it strikes us that this *was* 'Sharp Practice.' It was too 'plain a case' to the pettifogger, to at all befog the jury - - - An old correspondent in the north writes us as follows: 'And so glorious JOHN WILSON, the JUPITER TONANS of the nineteenth century, is lost from our literary horizon for ever! One by one, the resplendent galaxy of British genius and talent, whose brightness has been a world's wonder and admiration for the last sixty years, have disappeared; and now we have to mourn the eclipse of CHRISTOPHER NORTH, the many-sided man of genius, and one of the marvels of the age. But the present century, so prodigal of remarkable men, has produced none like NORTH; none who can advance even a shadowy claim to his wonderful versatility of thought, or the fervid sweetness and affluent majesty of his ideas, as they swept on with the grandeur of a noble river; none whose Protean fancy, so teeming and exuberant in its riches of imagination, that it seemed a *commissariat* for herds of the smaller fry of *littérateurs*, and set whole regiments of them up in a brisk and flourishing business. His astonishing 'Noctes,' although often called a book, is no book after all; it is rather a *cairn* of diamonds, sparkling in the sun-light — the sun-light of immortality; for they present the infinite varieties of the grandeur and beauty of creation, animate, and inanimate, as in a mirror; not indeed as they appear to the outward senses, but to the mind's eye, in all the varying moods that humanity simulates. Genius like this never tires, never satiates: it carries on the soul

in a stream of delight, as the incense of the morning air breathes rapture on the senses. I would fain recount to you the doings of his early days, 'for EDWIN was no vulgar boy;' fain tell you the eccentric freaks of his dawning manhood, and the many lofty and noble achievements of his more mature years: but my out-door duties, at this busy season, cry trumpet-tongued to have done scribbling; to lay down the pen and take up the garden-hoe; for the spring-blossoms are snowing from the trees, and there is not a single beet or parsnip-seed yet in the ground. Do tell our excellent friend REDFIELD to hurry up the 'Noctes.' He has them in good hands. And now God bless you, and good-night! - - - MR. K. N. PEPPER has been heard from. We *thought* it very strange, that a poet like himself, whose reputation has become so thoroughly established, should be content to repose upon his laurels. His relatives, upon whom his fame is reflected, have drawn him from his temporary retirement. The subjoined correspondence is both unique and explanatory:

'North-Demosthenes Four-Corners, June 20, 1854.

MR. CLARK, EDITOR:

'SIR: Since your fruitless investigations saying that you hoped the sword was not sheathed or *asking* if the sword was sheathed meaning my friend Mr. PEPPER'S pen I conclude. I have now made up my mind to inform you definitely relative to that Great man.

'*First:* I may say that I adore Mr. PEPPER'S genius although different. I am as you may say one of his Antipodes. I am his friend. I and Mr. PEPPER have sprung up into manhood's ripening Sheaf side by side and called ourselves Friends from earliest infancy. Sir. He has been a blessing to me. I'm proud to have been the first that see into him, and I discovered much. He has got a mind. He is playful but gloomy. Humorous but solemn. Simple but intricate. Pathetic but ridiculous. Sir. I hand you a letter from Mr. PEPPER. It reveals much that perhaps ought to be sacred. It was wrote to me and the Autograph is genuine. I would not lose that letter for five dollars.

'I send it because it contains one of those gems that have so delighted astonished and entranced the civilized world. It is peculiarly PEPPERIAN.

'I send the whole letter because a Gem always looks better in a setting. His setting is wonderful.

'The private life of great men is a topic at once interesting and good. Good because it invites people to leave busy cares and live as they live. It is no damage to Mr. PEPPER because he will be deprived of the Magazine this summer in consequence of not being within fifty miles of a post-office. He will not therefore see it. But excuse me. I keep you from the rich repast in store for your mind.

'With consideration. Sir. Yours. P. PEPPER PODB.

'P. S. You will notice how Mr. PEPPER'S poetic mind transfers bodies of water, when I inform you that the one which he has called PEPPER'S Lake* is but six rods in width and two feet eight inches in depth. Its former name was 'Mudsucker Pond.'

'O the powers of that individual's Genius! I am proud that any part of my name resembles his and I give it prominence in honor of him.

P. P. P.*

* 'THAT something might serve to perpetuate Greatness and be the Tristing-place for Genius.'

“DERE FELER:

“Pepper's laik, gune 15th.

“Wat wood you thinc ef you shoold se me now! Hear i am a rusty katein fur away from every think, by the side of a lovly expans of water wich as i hev 1st discovered its Beutis & doant no no other naim i aply mi own eignacher to it.

“Havink retyred from the world for a sesun to comune with nacher & giv mi genus a restin spel, i liv like a nancherite al aloan by miself a-fishink and romink and sein the things gro. i doant war nothink but a shert and pant, as hear the cloathink is soopirfloous, mi baird hesent ben teched for suthin over a weak, & i look savig i can tel you. but o how trunkil i am: i breth now & slepe cuiet. ime ganing al the wile, & ef i doant stop soon i must bi a noo soot.

“I am compögink a Grate Pome mi boy bi spels, & oncet in a wile i thro of a litle ‘feler,’ bi way of varyty. mi genus is ever a stirink & kepes me uncumfortable moast of the time bi resun of the presher. wat it wood doo ef it had a chans, i doan no. but the consekensis wood be dredful to mi helth. You no we littery men air trubled a good dele with pane in the bowls &c 4th. O how i delite to rize with the son, wen the doo is onto the gras & walk into the wouds war its dry: i here the Berds a-cherupink so hapy it maiks me fele bad, & i ask Wi it is ime so meloncolly & sad? — wi Wo kepes a-hangin around & maiks me cary his cloke? No boddys speks so I anser Genus. theirs the cecrit. o wat a cus wen youv got too much. ef i had a litle moor ide spine away & finaly di. as it is i am very feble so i fish and dyit strong, & rome intwo the darknis of the ainshen forist. You smil & thinc of Musketer. but you'm rong. musketer is a blesing ef properly took. doan't the scrachin maik you onhapy, & aint onhapines the food of genus? wi, i am so onmindfle i let him bite and seasily doo nothink, ownly i hev swoar to thinc sech a apetiati is denid to hewman Bings. musketer must liv. he is the part of profidens as bites, & nothink watever ken chaing him but bringin him up bi hand. xkews the goak.

“i inkerd a naxident wile saling onto the laik the other day. i wos lyng onto mi ores in the senter of the laik a-dremink of faim &c 4th, & wile so doink i fel intwo a depe study — also shalow water, wich wos mity fortunat want it? i waded out sloly, thincink wat a nar escaip it wos & thought ef it wos deper eny wars nerer the shoar ide bi a life-preservr.

“Wile reclinink onto the bang, a dryink miself bi the son, the mews caim sudently & I compoged the folowink lins:

“To An Little Hous

“A FRUNTING ONTO THE LAIK.

“O Hous althow you spek not
i spek & say you shan't be forgot
Althow you'm nothink but bords
& of gold havent no hords
Likewais no windos xsept i
Lite in the bac to let in the son
(being war i slepe & sta wen it ranes)
i must say ive tooc no panes
Too consele mi afleckshun for your presinks.
o no althow you'm a hut, your fren thines
a Palis wood be inconvenient
Becaws no l likes too be cent
Wen hes tyrd up 3 or 4 par stares
too bed. hes got other affairs
Too fateg him onto the 1st floor.
“o no, dere Hous ambishun is ore,
& I liv in you contented as
The CESAR dus in his largest glas
Palis will cost 2000 dolars.
So it is alus. nachers scolers
lern how too be hapy evry ware
Wen trubl cums tha doant cair
But fle away too the wouds
& git settled. who wants goods
or muny wen he may git cheted
& hav al his hapines defeted

Bl puting his trust into Priasis
 & other firans as doant settle there biznis.
 'No, dere Hous, giv me nacher and you
 & ile traivil this werld threw
 a-fishink & romink, & compogink potry
 & may i be at Hoam wen i di.

'Wat do you thine of that last line. aint it huj. that's originle, mi boy. Genus dwells into that line. but i must stop a-ritink. rite too me al about NICKERBOCKER & c4th. it doant cum hear. i wunder ef its stoped a-publishink. i havent rote for it for a goud wile.

'Now mi boy be cairful of your helth & anser this imeditly.

'from your frend,

'K. N. PEPPER.'

Matchless, matchless, PEPPER and Podd! - - - ONE of the late Rock-Island and Saint-ANTHONY's Falls excursionists, speaking of the upper Mississippi, in a metropolitan journal, awards it the palm over the Hudson. He pronounces its bluffs 'more beautiful than the Palisades,' and 'allows,' as they say in Philadelphia, that 'no river in America is so rich in all the elements of beauty as the Mississippi.' Dear Sir, *'this won't do!'* Let us have no such treason to our noble river. Would that you could look off, as we have been looking for the last hour, upon the scene which spreads out before us, on the western bank of the Hudson, at its widest part. We doubt whether there is such another view in America — certainly not on the Mississippi — assuredly not on the Hudson itself. The Tappaän-Zee spreads out beneath us, an inland sea of rarest beauty. Clouds and sun-light chequer its broad bosom; upward of eighty sail, and four picturesque villages upon its eastern bank, are in sight; gay steamers, with flaunting flags, pass and re-pass every hour; the mountains, 'like holy towers, hold communion with the sky' on the north and north-west; while to the south, the clear, pale-blue 'Snake-Hill,' rises from the prairie-causeway between Newark and New-York, between the beholder and which spreads the lovely valley of the Hackensack and the Passaic, dotted with rich farms, meadows, 'clumps' of forest, grain-fields, shining streams, with the village of Paterson glimmering white on the south-western verge. This is *one* view on the Hudson, Mr. Excursionist, and you saw nothing more lovely in your long journey of some three thousand miles. But hear what GEOFFREY CRAYON, directly over the watery way from us, says of our noble river, in one of his '*Crayon Papers*' in the KNICKERBOCKER. Many of our present readers, who were not our subscribers fifteen years ago, will read it with interest, and those who were, will peruse it again with renewed pleasure:

'I THANK GOD I was born on the banks of the Hudson! I think it an invaluable advantage to be born and brought up in the neighborhood of some grand and noble object in nature; a river, a lake, or a mountain. We make a friendship with it; we in a manner ally ourselves to it for life. It remains an object of our pride and affections, a rallying-point, to call us home again after all our wanderings. 'The things which we have learned in our childhood,' says an old writer, 'grow up with our souls, and unite themselves to it.' So it is with the scenes among which we have passed our early days: they influence the whole course of our thoughts and feelings; and I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound, to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm, I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul. I admired its frank, bold, honest character; its noble sincerity and perfect truth. Here was no specious, smiling surface, covering the dangerous sand-bar or perfidious rock; but a stream deep

as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow; ever straight forward. Once, indeed, it turns aside for a moment, forced from its course by opposing mountains; but it struggles bravely through them, and immediately resumes its straightforward march. Behold, thought I, an emblem of a good man's course through life: ever simple, open, and direct; or if, overpowered by adverse circumstances, he deviate into error, it is but momentary; he soon recovers his onward and honorable career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage. . . . The Hudson is, in a manner, my first and last love; and after all my wanderings, and seeming infidelities, I return to it with a heart-felt preference for it over all the other rivers in the world. I seem to catch new life, as I bathe in its ample billows, and inhale the pure breezes of its hills. It is true, the romance of youth is past, that once spread illusions over every scene. I can no longer picture an Arcadia in every green valley; nor a fairy-land among the distant mountains, nor a peerless beauty in every villa gleaming among the trees; but although the illusions of youth have faded from the landscape, the recollections of departed years and departed pleasures shed over it the mellow charm of evening sun-shine.

A noble picture of a noble river! - - - Here is '*A Retort with Ice in it*:' 'An old chap residing near here, who might be classed as of the genus '*Sealawag*,' who was too lazy to work, but picked up a living by pettifoggling; and other means more or less equivocal, was caught by a neighbor with a rail on his back, which he had just appropriated from said neighbor's fence for fire-wood. 'Hallo! you *old* scoundrel!—what are you stealing my fence for?' was the salutation he received from the owner. The old fellow turned round, rested one end of the rail on the ground, and replied, without the least embarrassment: 'I a'n't such an almighty sight *older* than you are, you meddling old fool!' Then, deliberately shouldering the rail, he carried it home. Slightly the 'wrong tack!' - - - MANY thanks to our Boston friend, who sets us right in relation to the authorship of the lines which we attributed to TANNAHILL, in our notice of '*Scotia's Bards*,' in the April KNICKERBOCKER, commencing:

'FAREWELL, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song;
Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads
Our hearts have loved so long!'

The beautiful and feeling effusion in question was by THOMAS PRINGLE, by whom they were written on the eve of his departure for South-Africa, and are to be found in the '*Lays of Home and Fatherland*,' in '*CHAMBERS' Miscellany*,' but were first published in BLACKWOOD, of which PRINGLE was one of the founders, and for some time editor. The beautiful poem entitled '*Time's Changes*,' we are farther informed by our obliging friend, is not by PRAED, (it is *attributed* to PRAED, however, by our friend Dr. GRISWOLD, in his '*Poets and Poetry of England*,') but by 'DELTA,' (MOIR,) of BLACKWOOD'S Magazine, in which work it appeared in August, 1826. It is difficult always to be correct in such matters. - - - MR. FREDERICK S. COZZENS, at Number Eighty-Five Chambers-street, closely adjoining the IRVING-HOUSE, issues monthly what he doubtless considers a business circular, but which, beside, is in reality an exceedingly readable and pleasant journal of eight pages—beautifully executed, by GRAY, and embellished with a charming vignette-head, from the fruitful and facile brain and pencil of DARLEY. Himself a long-established wine-merchant, of experienced and delicate taste, and familiarly acquainted with every branch of his business, he is well qualified to treat of the subjects to which his sheet—a proper pendant to his extensive

establishment, and a useful exponent of its choice stores — will be devoted. The following outlines indicate the intention and scope of the 'Wine-Press:'

'Some account of the cultivation of the grape in different countries; some account of the condition of the vine in Europe, its past history and present decline; the rising interests of a new and valuable addition to our home products, soon to be estimated by millions of dollars; the cultivation of the grape at the West and South; with such statistics as are valuable and reliable, can scarcely fail to be interesting, no matter in what manner presented. Brief histories of rare and curious old wines; hints in regard to treatment; rules adopted by those of most experience; and such suggestions generally as may be useful, both in the domestic economy, and in the larger operations of business, shall, from time to time, find a place in this record. Such condiments, also, as give a relish to the table; the olive, and olive-oil; pâtés and fanciful edibles; segars; teas and coffee; and whatever else tends to make up the sum of daily enjoyment, will be treated of in appropriate paragraphs.

'The grand old prejudices that surround with an invisible halo the memory of departed wines shall be as much respected as the cobwebs that announce their antiquity; but, at the same time, the merits of wines less aged, and of less reputation, but of *real value*, shall not be overlooked. Information in regard to these matters will be presented as clearly and explicitly as possible. Plain dealing will justify itself, and popular taste is its earliest indorser.

The present number contains, among other interesting articles, a 'History of LONGWORTH'S Catawba Wines,' of which Mr. COZZENS is agent, a chapter upon 'Wine-Glasses,' descriptions of rare and curious wines, brandies, etc., etc., to say nothing of 'mixtures.' - - - 'At one place,' writes an Ohio friend 'where I was visiting, they are famous fishermen and famous Methodists. A well-known revival preacher had been laboring with but little apparent success in the neighborhood for several weeks; all the apparent results of his efforts being the getting of a few quite young persons upon the anxious-seats. I was asking 'JEM,' the colored boy at the stable, one day, how they were getting along at the camp-meeting, when he said: 'They ain't doin' much. They've only caught a few *shiners* for bait!' - - - EVERY true artist will understand and feel the merit and sentiment of the '*Farewell to my Studio*:'

'GOOD-BYE my STUDIO! ere we part,
Let me address thee. Dumb thou art,
But yet in thy still eloquence I find
A *something* glowing, as if full of mind.
Thy window, looking on the upper air,
Caught not the light to gild the costly stuff
That Wealth spreads all around with vulgar care.

'Thy walls are barren, like a leafless tree,
And melancholy broods o'er you and me;
Still, down the vista of the toiling past,
I see those shining hours that link me to thee fast.
The quiet light that through my window came
Oft seemed the halo of a deathless fame;
And when it vanished with the evening shade,
I thought that it and I were in oblivion laid.
But yet again the promised morning broke,
And, like that statue which at sun-rise spoke,
I felt the lustre o'er my doubting heart,
And woke from toils of life, to dreams of glorious ARR.
I may have failed — *have* failed, as others fail,
My brothers in the martyrdom of thought;
They too have seen the glowing planets pale,
And ends die out that they in vain had sought.

'Now, step by step, I see
The distance darkening round my mystic way,

But I tread firmly on. So let it be:
 Night's solemn rest succeeds the struggling day,
 And I shall sleep for ever; and no more
 The music of my dun-deep hopes shall come
 To bear me from that all-forgetting shore,
 Where DEATH is peace, and the dim grave is *home*.'

There is evidently deep feeling here. - - - Among all our American institutions, there is none better befitting a great and growing republic than *The Strawberry*. And how abundant is that delicious fruit just at this nick of time! On the verdant western slope above the Tappaan-Zee, where we respire this lovely June morning, the whole air is redolent of them, even over-powering the sweet scents of the white and purple clover. Whole fields around us, down among the grass, are half-red with them. And pleasant it was, just now, to go out with a three-year-old little boy, and pick the red, melting fruit, and drop the berries into his rosy mouth — not the 'hull' of 'em, for *that* half you retain between your finger and thumb, as you propel the other through the portals of the small, seed-pearl teeth. The fingers with which we scribble 'drop frankincense' at this moment, so all-pervading is the scent of the delicious strawberry. Our friend, 'THE COLONEL,' upon the choice garden of whose fine mansion we look down, a garden 'full of all manner of fruits,' 'rises and flutters' when this luscious fruit is mentioned; for such specimens, (and in the most luxurious abundance) as he can boast, 'you shall not find elsewhere.' As an evidence of which, we may mention, that we were presented with a single berry yesterday, by his accomplished lady, just *one half* of which satisfied the appetite, and we threw the other moiety away. But it was a strawberry, we should add, of an unusually large size. - - - We are not at all surprised to perceive that the '*Cosmopolitan Art and Literary Association*,' advertised on the last page of the cover of the last and present numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER, meets with high commendation from the public press throughout the Union. Our friend and correspondent, the poet SAXE, in his '*Burlington (Vt.) Sentinel*,' 'gives mouth' to the general voice, when he remarks, in one of his terse editorials: 'We venture to say that no similar or equally useful project for the distribution of the products of *Literature and Art* was ever devised in this country. The difference between this and every other plan that we have yet seen is this: *The subscriber gets the full value of his money at the start*, with a chance for a high premium beside. One word more. We personally know Mr. DERBY, the Actuary, and can assure the public that he is a man of integrity and enterprise, is associated with men of honor, and will see that the promises of the Association are most rigidly fulfilled.' This high praise is very justly deserved. - - - 'AN acquaintance of mine, after residing in the country some time, recently removed to your city. One of his little girls, who was very fond of milk, on asking for a drink of her favorite beverage, was told that there were no cows in the city, and that she must wait for the milk-man. When the milk came, after taking a long draught, she said, with a countenance expressive of decided disapprobation, 'Mother, I don't think milk-man's milk is half as good as cow's milk!' There is a biting satire in this 'hit.' - - - MID-WAY between New-York and

Binghamton, on the New-York and Erie Railroad, is 'Mast-Hope,' and thereabout is an HOTEL, kept by that prince of caterers and 'good-fellows,' 'Lord CLIFTON HALL,' formerly of the old 'PHENIX,' in the lovely county-town of Broome. A better-appointed establishment, or one more luxurious in all particulars, is not to be found upon the road. The table is supplied, among all other luxuries of the season, with the delicious trout and pickerel, so abundantly caught in the near neighborhood; the house is beautifully secluded, in a lovely sylvan region; is elegantly furnished, and its baths, cool sleeping-rooms, ample parlors, billiard-room and bowling alley, leave nothing to be desired, either for comfort or recreation. - - - JULLIEN is 'going, going, gone' almost, from among us; but his memory lingers, and will linger long in our midst. As 'PUNCH' sang, when he left London for Paris, some years ago:

'FAREWELL, the cornet-à-piston, the shrill flute
Ear-piercing ophicleide, and all — farewell!
Farewell the massive drum, the big trombone,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of promenae e concerts!
And you, ye brazen serpents, whose rude it roats
The immortal CARTLITCH's clamors counterfeit,
Farewell! — JULLIEN's occupation 's gone!

Go and see him while he *does* stay. - - - VERY deeply did we regret our inability to avail ourselves of the kind invitation sent us by the committee to join the recent '*Chicago and Rock-Island Excursion*,' to celebrate the opening of the last link in the railroad line between the eastern Atlantic and the Mississippi. We labored early and late to effect the much-desired object, 'lest by any means we should come short of it;' but we *did* 'come short of it, nevertheless, 'and were compelled to give up the idea of joining the delightful excursion — not without many an inward murmur, as we saw, from our eyrie on the Hudson, on a pleasant June morning, the cars rushing along toward the North and West, filled with our happy friends and contemporaries. How we longed to see a prairie, 'like the round ocean, girdled with the sky;' the great 'Father of Waters;' and to take the hands of numerous friends and correspondents, in the towns and along the rivers of the great, unvisited West! But we must 'bide our time,' if, happily, such an opportunity shall ever occur again. - - - 'A PROFESSIONAL friend,' writes a new correspondent, who dates from the ASTOR-House, 'of somewhat dilapidated fortunes,' from his own account, writes me the following pithy letter:

"DEAR SIR: A post-mortem examination of past calamities is by no means agreeable: yet I must disinter one, and bring to your notice. You will recollect, that for some diluvian concern, old BLUE-JAY, *alias* M — N, obtained a judgment against me. He sold it to N. F. H — S, and H — assigned to you; and we agreed it should be satisfied on my conveying to you a lot near S — 's. I made the conveyance, but there was some informality in the acknowledgment of an earlier conveyance, and what became of the deed or the lot, I have no knowledge. I am now anxious to have the judgment discharged of record. It is a lien on nothing under heaven, and never will be; for in truth, I am so poor I do not make a shadow when the sun shines, and my bones stick into the chair I sit in, like a fork. Yet the judgment is a scare-crow in my way, and I want it satisfied, while we are here in the flesh. Old debts are worse than original sins; for they remain in full force after the most sincere repentance. In remitting this one, have no fear that you will 'strain the quality of mercy.' E. M —."

They 'let him slide!' - - - WE are ashamed to own that we had

forgotten that OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was the author of the beautiful lines, '*The Star and Lily*,' copied into the 'Gossip' of a late number. 'Come to think of it,' who else *could* have written it?' - - - THERE is a sign in a very ambitious village not sixty miles from Gotham, which reads very distinctly, in large letters, 'MEAT MARKET:' and underneath, in very small letters, *Also, all kinds of Sausages!*' This latter strikes us as being decidedly suggestive. - - - '*The Armenia*' has been thoroughly repaired and painted, and has commenced her regular trips to Albany as a day-boat, leaving New-York on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at seven o'clock, A.M. A pleasanter trip could not be taken out of our swarming metropolis than on this well-appointed, well-officered steamer, along the matchless scenery of the majestic Hudson. - - - 'SHARP Practice in Erie;' 'My Cousin Tom's Small Pox;' 'A Rebuke of Washington Harpies;' 'Faint Recollections of an Old Rope-Walk;' four and a half pages of carefully-culled '*Children's Gossip*,' from abundant stores; with several notices of new publications, are among the articles in type, but are *unavoidably* omitted from the present number. - - - A NEWLY-IMPORTED Dutchman, having enlisted in the service at a military station not a hundred miles from New-York, was one evening placed on guard. Seeing a couple of gentlemen approaching, he challenged them with, 'Who comes dare?' 'Friends, with the countersign.' 'Vell, if you ish frents, and knows as '*Putler*' is de gounter-sign, de gounter-sign ish gorrect. Pass, frents, mit de gounter-sign!' - - - '*The Morning Glory*' is the title of a little paper, published and edited by two or three little boys, at Ogdensburgh, in this State. We like to see such enterprise and ambition among lads, and are glad to extend a welcome to their juvenile sheet. Its selections are quite various and spicy. - - - A LITTLE girl, supposed to be about twelve years of age, was discovered, a short time since, lying dead upon the lake shore, about one mile south of the City Hall in Chicago, under suspicious circumstances. The following is from an evening journal of that city, and may be well perpetuated as a specimen of '*Irish Coronership*' of a goodly city with seventy thousand 'enlightened inhabitants':

'STATE OF ILLINOISE, } ss.
Cook County.

'At an inquisition taken for the peopel of the State of Illinoise and county of Cook, this 26th day a. d. 1854 before Mr AUSTIN HYNES Coroner of said county of Cook upon the view of the body of a Female Child, name unknown then and lying dead upon the oaths of Twelve Good and Lawful Men of the peopel of the Said State and County of Cook, and When and who the said came to his or she came to her death We the Jury do say We the Jurors do Agree The Body came to her Death by death unknown.'

This beats us of 'the East!' - - - We hope the '*Masonic Register and Gazette of News*,' a weekly journal recently commenced in this city, will be well sustained by the great and honorable fraternity to whose interests it will be devoted. It promises at the outset to deserve patronage. The second number shows a little carelessness in proof-reading, which should be amended hereafter. If our old friend and correspondent, the Most Worshipful Grand-Master of New-York, has not sadly changed his literary style since

he used to write for the KNICKERBOCKER, he never could have pronounced some of the sentences which purport to be quoted from an address which he recently delivered. Errors of the press they are, undoubtedly.

Brief Notices of New Publications.

BENTON'S 'THIRTY YEARS' VIEW' OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. — In advance of an extended review of this very able work, when it shall have been completed, we desire to call the attention of the public to its character. Its title, however, conveys this, so far as a mere title can: '*Thirty Years' View: or, a History of the Working of the American Government for Thirty Years, from 1820 to 1850.*' The contents of the work are chiefly taken from the Congress debates, the private papers of General JACKSON, and the speeches of ex-Senator BENTON, including his actual view of men and affairs: together with historical notes and illustrations, and some notice of eminent deceased contemporaries. The distinguished 'Senator of Thirty Years,' to whose experience and experienced pen the American public will be indebted for this valuable addition to our annals, sets forth, briefly but clearly, the motives for writing the work, his own qualifications for the task, the scope of the publication, and the spirit in which it is written. In the first place, he remarks: 'Justice to the men with whom I acted, and to the cause in which we were engaged, is my chief motive for engaging in this work. A second motive is the hope of being useful to our republican form of government in after-ages, by showing its working through a long and eventful period; working well all the time, and thereby justifying the hope of its permanent good operation in all time to come, if maintained in its purity and integrity.' As to Senator BENTON's qualifications for the work, he was in the Senate of the United States during the whole time of which he writes; an active, *business* member, attending and attentive; in the confidence of half the administrations, and a close observer of the others; he had an inside view of transactions of which the public only saw the outside, and of many of which the two sides were very different: he 'saw the secret springs and hidden machinery by which men and parties were to be moved, and measures promoted or thwarted; saw patriotism and ambition at their respective labors, and was generally able to discriminate between them.' The writer did not propose to himself 'a regular history, but a political work, to show the practical working of the government, and to speak of men and events in subordination to that desire, and to illustrate the character of institutions which are new and complex, the first of their kind, and upon which the eyes of the world are now fixed.' It will surprise the American reader to find, in the first volume, so much that seems *new*, because it is so *old*, yet so replete with interest in the history and progress of his country. It is the author's avowed ambition to 'make a veracious work, reliable in its statements, candid in its conclusions, just in its views, and which contemporaries and posterity may read without fear of being misled.' A very spirited portrait of Senator BENTON — (a most striking resemblance, by the by, to the late LOUIS PHILIPPE, of France) — fronts the title-page of the first volume.

'THE SACRED CIRCLE' is the name given to a new monthly magazine, devoted to an exposition of 'the reason of the faith that is in them' who hold to the mystery of '*Spiritual Manifestations.*' It is conducted by three editors — Judge EDMONDS, Dr. DEXTER, and O. G. WARREN. It will, no doubt, be found the ablest exponent of the peculiar doctrines of which it is to treat. It may be assumed, too, judging from the first number, that those who may differ from the editors, and who cannot as yet 'see through their glasses,' will be treated with courtesy, and with the best show of 'argument' that can be commanded. As to the *style* of argumentation, we would suggest the eschewing of the dialogue form. This setting up an interlocutor, a 'man of straw,' and putting

your own words into his mouth, and thus defeating, or assuming to defeat, his propositions, is a 'weak invention of the enemy,' and is very seldom effective. There is some very fair poetry in 'The Circle,' of which the '*Lines to One Departed*' may serve as an example:

'Do not forget me, though a world divides us;
Hold to that memory which is of love;
Let us obey the gentle hand that guides us,
To that blest hour when we shall meet above.

'Time may move slowly — we may long be parted,
And clouds and sorrows be between us cast;
But sure I am the true and constant-hearted
Will yet be blest, and reunite at last.

'I bear my earthly sojourn all the better,
That I can see a calmer home on high;
I bear my suffering, and many a fetter,
Because they only last until I die.

'I look to meet thee at the glorious portal,
When I shall step into the world of light;
That thou shalt there bestow a kiss immortal,
Amid the angels that shall glad my sight.

'I ne'er forget thee — and though earthly passion
May lead my feelings and my thoughts astray,
There is within the eternal inclination
To clasp thee to my heart, and clasp for aye!

'Be thou still near me, and forget me never,
Till I be free, and meet thy glance above,
Then may our sympathies unite for ever,
And we go forth upon our tasks of love.

H.

ROGERS' POEMS. — We are indebted to Messrs. PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY, of Boston, for a very beautiful volume, containing the '*Complete Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers*,' edited, with signal ability, by ESES SARGENT, Esq., who has furnished an excellent biographical sketch, replete with entertaining personal anecdote and authentic and copious notes. What ROGERS' poetry is, it 'boots not now to say.' He is the last survivor of the noble group of English bards of the present century, who have 'stamped their genius upon the rock of time.' An exquisite portrait of the venerable poet adorns the volume. Beautiful as it is, its lineaments instantly recal a quaint GARBEIL-ish bust of ROGERS that adorns the mantel-piece of the library of his friend, GEOFFREY CRAYON, whose charming villa gleams among the rich June foliage of 'Sunnyside,' as we write, over against us on the other side of the broad Tappaan-Zee.

WILSON'S ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES: TALFOURD. — The lovers of 'glorious JOHN WILSON,' now, alas! no longer on the earth, will give a cordial welcome to '*Recreations of Christopher North*,' just published, complete in one volume, by Messrs. PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY, Boston, and Mr. DERBY, New-York. Who, that has read, will cease to remember 'CHRISTOPHER in his Sporting-Jacket,' and 'in his Aviary'? — on mountain and on moor, in highland and lowland; fishing in the lochs and brooks, or 'chasing the wild-deer and following the roe,' on the broad hills of his beloved Scotland? Then the tales that he narrates, the deep emotions which he 'wreaks upon expression, his trenchant or gentle and appreciative criticism — who could excel him in all these? Of such characteristics is the volume before us full. The same publishers have issued the '*Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of the Author of 'Ion,'*' with additional articles never before published in this country. Both volumes are embellished with mezzo-tint portraits of their authors.

'THE TENT AND THE ALTAR, or Sketches from Patriarchal Life,' is a recent issue from the press of Messrs. JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY, Boston. The author is Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., of the Scottish National Church, London. He sets forth, with some degree of dramatic effect, for one of his sober-sided, matter-of-fact nation, the manner

in which the Christian faith 'was developed under the shining tents, and irradiated the holy altars which the world's gray fathers raised in the desert.' There is some earnest and forcible writing in the volume; and we would instance especially the thoughts suggested by the 'Death of ABRAHAM,' in the division entitled, 'The Way of all the Earth,' as being simple and effective. 'In the general,' however, we cannot avoid the conclusion that the writer is a good deal of a 'book-maker.' His epigraphs at the heads of his chapters, after the manner of the old-fashioned novels, and the frequent poetical quotations, 'lugged in by ear and horn,' indicate this, we think, beyond reasonable peradventure. Mr. CUMMING is the author, also, of '*Sabbath Morning Readings on the Old Testament*,' by the same publishers, a work designed to explain what occasionally perplexes the ordinary Christian reader, and to elucidate such passages of Scripture as are not generally familiar or accessible. The present is a very able treatise upon the book of Genesis.

EXPOSITION OF SPIRITUALISM. — This elaborate volume, by Judge J. W. EDMONDS and Dr. DEXTER, of this city, is divided into three 'Parts.' The first consists of a comprehensive and forcible analysis of the spiritual experience of Judge EDMONDS and Dr. DEXTER, through whose mediumship the book has been given to the public: the second is a faithful record of numerous interviews with spirits claiming to be EMANUEL SWANENBERG and Lord BACON, wherein they give philosophical disquisitions in reply to numerous questions respecting the life of spirits: the third is a copious Appendix, embracing the experience and observation of Hon. N. P. TALLMADGE, late United States Senator and Governor of Wisconsin, together with the similar experience of several other persons, correspondence, etc. It will be admitted by all readers of this volume that it is evidently a sincere and earnestly-written book. We have no knowledge whatever of the subjects of which it treats. We have seen trials of 'table-movings,' 'rappings,' etc., but in each case the experiments were unsuccessful. We are not therefore to assume, however, that they are deceived, before whom these phenomena have repeatedly been enacted with the most astonishing and directly opposite results. We know men, of the first order of intellect, who are the firmest believers in 'spiritual manifestations,' and made so from actual experience and observation.

'THE HYDROPATHIC PHYSICIAN.' — MESSRS. FOWLERS AND WELLS have published a very portly volume, by JOEL SHEW, M.D., thus entitled. It purports to be 'a Ready Prescriber and Hygienic Adviser,' with reference to the nature, causes, prevention, and treatment of diseases, accidents, and casualties of every kind. If the 'water-cure' be indeed what it is here claimed that it is, 'the greatest of all medical improvements known to man; an improvement destined not only to make the members of communities their own physicians for the most part, but to mitigate, in an unprecedented manner, the extent, the pains, and the perils of disease;' then will the volume before us prove a very popular one, save, perhaps, among those professional gentlemen who would rather *not* have 'every man his own physician.' The work is illustrated by nearly three hundred engravings, one series of which gives all the 'forms and shows of things' in the *modus operandi* of water-cure applications.

PROFESSOR CLEVELAND'S MILTON. — We are gratified, but not surprised, to learn, that a second edition, revised and enlarged, of MILTON'S Poetical Works, edited with signal ability by Professor CHARLES DEXTER CLEVELAND, of Philadelphia, has already been called for by the public. The editor's excellent preliminary dissertations, critical and explanatory notes, and admirably-arranged index to the subjects of 'Paradise Lost,' have insured, as we predicted they would, this well-deserved success.

FANNY FERN'S 'FERN-LEAVES.' — Our plain-spoken friend 'FANNY FERN,' is again before the public with another budget from her 'Port-Folio.' 'FANNY' is too well known to require heralding, and too much of a god-send to editors, in town and country, to justify quotation. Her previous collection met with extraordinary success, which will serve to enhance the popularity of the present. The engravings (which might, however, have been more numerous) are very creditable specimens of wood-cutting.